

THE  
ART OF CUCKOLDOM.

EXEMPLIFIED IN THE

History of Don Fernando.

A SPANISH TALE.

WITH

CURIOUS AND INTERESTING NOTES.

---

TRANSLATED

By T. DUTTON, Esq.

---

*Neque enim interest quis debita solvat, utrum ipse qui debet,  
an alius pro eo.*

GROTIUS.

---

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE TRANSLATOR;  
AND SOLD BY D. BREWMAN, NO. 18, LITTLE NEW  
STREET, SHOE LANE.

---

1794.

ART. 2. CUCKOOBONE

OF THE

LIBRARY OF THE

STATE

OF THE

LIBRARY OF THE





---

## PREFATORY ADDRESS

TO THE

PUBLIC AND THE CRITICS.

---

IT is a remark, and a very just one too, of a late witty and celebrated author, that the man who laughs and jokes will never hatch treason—" *Un homme qui rit, ne fera jamais dangereux*"—for which very reason, we scruple not to give it as our decided opinion, that whoever contributes his mite to amuse and entertain such of his fellow-citizens as have more time upon their hands than they well know how to dispense with, is eminently entitled to the notice and protection of the legislature. It is universally allowed, that the human mind can never continue long inactive; it must be doing something; and surely it is better for it to be engaged in *trifles* than

than in *mischief*: it is better for it to *form intrigues in the Cabinet of Venus*, than to *brood over plots against Government*; better for it, even, to be employed in *strenuous idleness*, as Doctor Young expresses himself, than in *forming plans of vast design, to the destruction of millions!*

With this view it is that the Editor of the present Work submits his *Lucubrations* to the Public; feeling himself induced thereto by the purest of motives—Loyalty to the established constitution of the land, and universal good-will towards men. This point duly considered, it is to be hoped that no four-faced Critic will prove himself so cynically ill-natured, as to snarl at follies, for which he has, perhaps, lost the relish, rather than the inclination: still less would we wish to see our labours prematurely censured and condemned, merely on account of their title! It is true, we propose to furnish a feast of good things, adequate to the cravings of the most refined epicure; but, like skilful apothecaries, we shall take especial care that our pills shall not possess less *virtue*, because they are *gilt* and rendered *palatable!* Thus the rake and debauchée,  
who

who would shut his ears to the grave precepts of a sermon, will, through the medium of the present Work, find wholesome advice and instruction steal insensibly upon his mind, and whilst his fancy is tickled and amused, his heart will be improved and purified.

With respect to the character of the Work itself, we shall leave that for our readers to pass judgment upon; only observing, that in happy flights of fancy the Spaniards may justly boast a decided superiority over all other European nations. To the truth of this assertion the names of a Cervantes or a Le Sage bear ample evidence. Blest with an invention fertile, and almost unbounded, the flowery walks of imagination seem to be their peculiar province. The rich vein of pleasantry and humour which characterizes their romances; the strange and comical adventures with which they are replete; and, above all, the thorough knowledge of the human heart, of men and manners, which they display, are truly wonderful; and our astonishment is not a little enhanced, when we reflect that the general character of this nation is grave and solemn to an extreme;



extreme; and that, through an excess of national pride, which they are early taught to cherish and encourage, they not only despise but even sedulously avoid all intercourse with foreigners and strangers. And yet, if invention be, as is generally allowed, the highest flight of genius, they stand unrivalled in this branch of literary fame.

The present Work, it is presumed, will be found no wise derogatory of the encomiums we have passed upon their writings in the aggregate. It is wrought up with such inimitable art, that expectation is constantly kept a tip-toe from first to last, and the incidents spring out from, and succeed, each other, in a manner at once the most plausible, varied, and diversified. Whilst it causes a continual smile to relax the features of the countenance, it at the same time impresses the most weighty moral upon the heart—and cannot, therefore, fail of proving a pleasing and instructive companion to every class of readers.



---

## CONTENTS.

### CHAP. I.

	Page
Departure of Don Fernando for Court—His character—Arrives with his wife and family at Vifo—Salutary effects of travelling—Mutual love at first sight—Useful hints to married men, how they may conceal their amours from the prying eyes of a wife—A grievous disappointment	5

### CHAP. II.

Digression on fundry matters of great moment—A mistake in the well-known aphorism of Galenus rectified—Wisdom of the Spartans, manifested in their laws relative to women labouring under matrimonial inconveniences—Sequel of Don Fernando's intrigue with Catalina	17
--	----

### CHAP. III.

A fresh instance of the salutary effects of travelling—Donna Maria's mistake; together with the happy consequences attending it—Tit for tat—How to get out of a damned hobble	24
---	----

CHAP.

## CHAP. IV.

A long digression on the subject of KISSING;— concluding with a story less known than it deserves to be	Page 33
---	------------

## CHAP. V.

Unexpected return of Rodriguez—Interruption— The chapter of accidents—Dismal dilemma— Mathematical demonstration of the vast supe- riority of female wit—The <i>argumentum ad</i> <i>hominem</i> , and the retort courteous	47
---	----

## CHAP. VI.

Metaphysical discussion concerning the <i>je ne sai</i> <i>quoi</i> —The ladies' panegyrist—Lucky escape— Double perplexity—Adventure with the <i>li-</i> <i>quorish tooth</i> —Celebrated aphorism of Ga- lenus—Morality	61
---	----

## CHAP. VII.

Late hours—The token—Fresh instance of Va- lerio's discretion—Donna Maria goes to hear mass	68
---	----

## CHAP. VIII.

Religious reflections, with a short digression on the policy of confession and absolution— Donna Maria meets with a fresh adventure	on
---	----

## CONTENTS.

xi

on her return from church—The Author's  
apology to the ladies for sins of omission—  
Infallible cure for the head-ach—Perfect  
understanding between all parties

Page

72

### CHAP. IX.

Panegyrick on perpetual celibacy, with a strong  
invective against wenching, and incontinency;  
written for the behoof of strolling players,  
travelling priests, Methodist parsons, Jew  
pedlars, hawkers, &c. to whom the present  
chapter is respectfully inscribed

79

### CHAP. X.

Advantages of travelling in good company—  
Sympathy, or the Man of Feeling—Clean  
sheets—Symptoms of a good night's rest—  
Shifts—Clean straw for the gentlemen

83

### CHAP. XI.

Panegyrick on love—Fernando's woeful mis-  
take—Rise and progress of an amour—The  
Succedaneum—Cross purposes—Fortune vin-  
dicated, a digression—Supplement to Ovid's  
Metamorphoses

89

### CHAP. XII.

The point of controversy, or Cuckoldom versus  
Fornication—Logic—Opinion of the twelve  
judges—Amorous preamble—Theory reduced  
to practice—Cart and tierce—Parrying of the  
*home-thrust!*

102

CHAP.



## CHAP. XIII.

	Page
The deep game—Ideal pleasures and real ones— Mutual restraint—Journey to Toledo—A rural walk—The <i>languishing lover</i> —Virgin bashfulness—The Cornish hug—A spice of morality	111

## CHAP. XIV.

Scarce and valuable fragment from Berrfman- nus—The reformers non-plus'd—Remarkable speech of an ancient Roman senator—A cock and a bull-story—Apology for female frailties and propensities	117
--	-----

## CHAP. XV.

A digression on the subject of digressions—Soft beds, but no sleep—Fernando sent on a wild- goose chase—Prelibation of happiness—The scrutiny—A specimen of modern poetry— The plot—Ride to <i>Horn Fair!</i> —Fernando caught up into the third heaven	122
--	-----

## CHAP. XVI.

Whimsical metamorphosis of a housmaid into a fine lady—The staff of life, or food for every palate—The middle piece—View of the pro- mised land from Mount Pisgah—Whim of the moment—Intermixture of soul and body— Pleasures of imagination—The catastrophe	131
---	-----



---

THE

ART OF CUCKOLDOM.

---

CHAP. I.

Departure of Don Fernando for Court---His character---Arrives with his wife and family at Viseo---Salutary effects of travelling---Mutual love at first sight---Useful hints to married men, how they may conceal their amours from the prying eyes of a wife---A grievous disappointment.

WAKED by the genial breath of spring, gladdened nature reviving, bade creation smile around. The earth renewed its wonted verdure, whilst Flora with lavish hand adorning the groves, the meadows and the fields, arrayed and clad them in her gayest party-coloured liveries. But a truce with such pompous descriptions; long have they  
B been

been hackneyed about, till they are worn fairly threadbare. In one word, therefore,

“ ’Twas in the pleasant month of May,  
 “ When Nature painted all things gay,”

that a gentleman of accomplished manners and elegant person, named DON FERNANDO, set out early in the morning for Madrid, from Ubeda, a town of considerable note in the province of Andaloufia. His ancestors having on several occasions signalized themselves by their loyalty and valour, and otherwise performed important services to the state, his design was to petition Philip IV. who then swayed the sceptre of Spain, for the *Toison*\*. Young as he was, he had, however, too much knowledge of the world to be misled by that excess of vanity, which characterizes the generality of the Spanish gentry, or to flatter himself that the usual delays and formalities of a court would be dispensed with in his behalf. Experience had early taught him that favours are not to be obtained at court without a world of trouble, of delay, and of expence. That neither his own personal merit, nor the services of his ancestors, could insure him success, unless backed with the interest and influence of some powerful friend. For these reasons, as his stay at Madrid promised to be longer than he might wish, he prudently determined to guard against the *ennui* and inconvenience, which too

\* *La Toison d'or*—the Order of the Golden Fleece.

long an absence from his family might occasion, by carrying his wife and domestics along with him. Such at least was the reason which he thought proper to assign to his wife, though there are some who will needs alledge other motives for this conduct; Don Fernando being, as they pretend, too jealous of his honour to run the risk of having his forehead fortified by his *cara sposa* during his absence.

Don Fernando was but just turned of sweet five and twenty. Nature had endowed him with an elegant exterior, nor were the qualifications of his mind in the least degree inferior to his personal accomplishments. In short, he was every way calculated for the hero of some modern tragedy or romance, one single circumstance excepted, that, whereas, the said romantic heroes are in general represented as paragons of virtue, constancy, and affection; Don Fernando, on the other hand, was too fond of variety to be any other than a general lover, and, like the bee, would wander from sweet to sweet, but never settle. He was, it is true, married to an amiable young lady of great beauty and engaging manners, named DONNA MARIA; but as his chief view in this match had been directed to the large fortune he inherited with his wife, he no sooner (to preserve the simile of the bee, which we at first adopted) *culled her virgin sweets*, than he was off in pursuit of some other object. Two years had already elapsed since their marriage, during which period he had twice beheld himself regenerated (if we may be allowed the expression) in the person of a lovely infant, although Donna



Maria had not yet seen her twentieth year. Is it not, therefore, next to a paradox, that Don Fernando should be so blind to his own happiness, as to leave such bright and matchless charms for the lawless embraces of inferior beauties; for any thing that were but a petticoat and cap? But the bee, of which he was the true antitype, is not unfrequently seen to forsake the balmy bosom of the rose, for the dull disgusting poppy; and, in consequence of this strange depravity of taste, which seems to rule in the male creation from the flea to the elephant, it was no uncommon thing to see one of the fairest, one of the loveliest ladies in the whole kingdom of Spain, left to sleep alone, whilst her husband was revelling in the arms of some coarse, ill-favoured mistress. Such, and so various, are the tastes of men!

Willingly, indeed, would we have concealed from our readers this latter part of our narrative (as we fear that many of the fair sex, for whose pleasure and instruction this work is principally designed, may be apt to take offence, and form an ill opinion of our hero for following too faithfully the example of most married men in every age and country of the world) if the strict regard, which we, in conjunction with the rest of our brother-novellists pay to truth, had not represented such silence as highly culpable, and altogether incompatible with our duty.

But, to return from this digression: after a painful and fatiguing journey over hills and dales, our travellers, that is to say, Don Fernando, his wife, and domestics, beheld with pleasure the lofty mountains



tains of Sierra Morena lying behind them, and the road running now, for the most part, across even level ground: the horses pushed forward with such wonderful alacrity and expedition, notwithstanding the carriage to which they were harnessed was none of the lightest, that they reached Vise before sun-set. The drivers finding their horses in such high spirits, and having still a good part of the day before them, were willing to proceed on their way to the next town. But against this proposal Donna Maria, who had been little used to the fatigues of travelling, entered her solemn protest, and absolutely refused to advance a step farther that night. The horses were accordingly unharnessed, orders were issued to get their beds in immediate readiness, Donna Maria herself gave an eye to this part of the business, and with her *femme de chambre* went to inspect the apartments destined for their reception, whilst her husband descended into the kitchen with a view, it is presumed, to give orders about supper.

A certain author (I cannot immediately recollect his name) observes, that travelling—whether on account of the more than ordinary agitation in which the whole bodily system is put, thereby causing the animal fluids to circulate with greater freedom and rapidity of action; or from certain other hidden causes and events—has a wonderful influence in producing amorous propensities\*. Be this as it may,

\* This hypothesis may possibly account for many strange and cross adventures in the annals of modern

may, certain it is, that Don Fernando no sooner set foot in the kitchen, where he beheld the innkeeper's niece busy in giving directions how and what to prepare for supper, than he felt strange and powerful emotions stirring within him.

Now, to account for these emotions in Don Fernando, be it known to the reader, that Catalina, the innkeeper's niece, was none of your crab-tree, sour-faced prudes, whose very aspect is sufficient to turn new milk from the cow to curds and whey in a minute, but a buxom likely lass, with a black and rolling eye, which, far from forbidding or austere, seemed naturally inclined to parley, and possessed all those bewitching charms, which poets are so fond of attributing to their mistresses:

gallantry and intrigue. In the trial of a certain noble Earl, for criminal conversation with Lady ———, the wife of ———, it appeared from the evidence of the postillion, that the first connexion between the parties took place in the course of a journey to his Lordship's country-seat, and that his Lordship's carriage was not unfrequently the scene or place of action, where they rehearsed their amorous feats; and we are further told, that his Lordship's coach was for this laudable purpose built upon a peculiar construction, uncommonly roomy, and the seats so remarkably well bolstered and cushioned, that the limbs of both parties enjoyed equal liberty of action and re-action, as if they had been seated or rather lying upon a sofa. A late amorous *rencontre* between a certain Lady of Fashion and her Groom can be best explained upon this principle.

*Note by the Translator.*

An

An eye, where Cupid lurking lay,  
Intent on sport and amorous play;  
An eye, well skill'd to leer and roll,  
And shoot, like lightning, through the soul,  
An eye, but such an eye to paint,  
Language, I fear, is far too faint,  
An eye that would bewitch a Saint !

}

Such was the magic power of Catalina's eyes, which being levelled directly at our hero, did terrible execution at the first glance. Few men were ever composed of more combustible materials than Don Fernando; like well-made tinder, he only required the smallest spark to set fire to his whole system of organization. His impatience, therefore, to enjoy a *tete-a-tete* with his new mistress may be much easier imagined than described. Pretences were not long wanting. The innkeeper's wife had, it seems, bidden adieu to the trouble and fatigue of waiting on and accommodating travellers, having herself lately undertaken a long journey to that unknown country from whence no traveller ever yet returned: the domestic management of the house, therefore, together with the office of complimenting and entertaining the guests, was assigned over to the niece. Don Fernando expressed a wish to take a turn in the garden, which, he observed, appeared to be a perfect Eden. Civility called upon Catalina to accompany him. Their conversation, it is presumed, was not wholly engrossed by politics; indeed, from our knowledge of the gentleman's character, we might almost venture to assert, that his discourse turned less upon the



may, certain it is, that Don Fernando no sooner set foot in the kitchen, where he beheld the innkeeper's niece busy in giving directions how and what to prepare for supper, than he felt strange and powerful emotions stirring within him.

Now, to account for these emotions in Don Fernando, be it known to the reader, that Catalina, the innkeeper's niece, was none of your crab-tree, four-faced prudes, whose very aspect is sufficient to turn new milk from the cow to curds and whey in a minute, but a buxom likely lass, with a black and rolling eye, which, far from forbidding or austere, seemed naturally inclined to parley, and possessed all those bewitching charms, which poets are so fond of attributing to their mistresses:

gallantry and intrigue. In the trial of a certain noble Earl, for criminal conversation with Lady ———, the wife of ———, it appeared from the evidence of the postillion, that the first connexion between the parties took place in the course of a journey to his Lordship's country-seat, and that his Lordship's carriage was not unfrequently the scene or place of action, where they rehearsed their amorous feats; and we are further told, that his Lordship's coach was for this laudable purpose built upon a peculiar construction, uncommonly roomy, and the seats so remarkably well bolstered and cushioned, that the limbs of both parties enjoyed equal liberty of action and re-action, as if they had been seated or rather lying upon a sofa. A late amorous *rencontre* between a certain Lady of Fashion and her Groom can be best explained upon this principle.

*Note by the Translator.*

An



An eye, where Cupid lurking lay,  
 Intent on sport and amorous play;  
 An eye, well skill'd to leer and roll,  
 And shoot, like lightning, through the soul,  
 An eye, but such an eye to paint,  
 Language, I fear, is far too faint,  
 An eye that would bewitch a Saint !

}

Such was the magic power of Catalina's eyes, which being levelled directly at our hero, did terrible execution at the first glance. Few men were ever composed of more combustible materials than Don Fernando; like well-made tinder, he only required the smallest spark to set fire to his whole system of organization. His impatience, therefore, to enjoy a *tete-a-tete* with his new mistress may be much easier imagined than described. Pretences were not long wanting. The innkeeper's wife had, it seems, bidden adieu to the trouble and fatigue of waiting on and accommodating travellers, having herself lately undertaken a long journey to that unknown country from whence no traveller ever yet returned: the domestic management of the house, therefore, together with the office of complimenting and entertaining the guests, was consigned over to the niece. Don Fernando expressed a wish to take a turn in the garden, which, he observed, appeared to be a perfect Eden. Civility called upon Catalina to accompany him. Their conversation, it is presumed, was not wholly engrossed by politics; indeed, from our knowledge of the gentleman's character, we might almost venture to assert, that his discourse turned less upon  
 the

the subject of the siege and surrender of Ostend (though the eyes of all Europe looked up to that event) than on the ways and means how he and his fair enamorata might pass the night together between two sheets. But here an unforeseen difficulty presented itself. Catalina was unfortunately married; and what militated still more against his wishes, not less than ten long days were wanting to complete the honeymoon. Her husband, it is true, happened to be from home, and probably might not return that week; but, besides that this was highly uncertain, Catalina, (such is the divine energy of virtue, even in minds naturally loose) could not without a secret horror and reluctance contemplate her first actual deviation from the strait path of rectitude. Her difficulties and objections were, however, soon over-ruled by the arguments and importunities of Don Fernando; and the necessary preliminaries being adjusted, Catalina conducted our hero to the upper part of the house, where having made him properly acquainted with the local situation of her own bed-chamber, she appointed eleven o'clock for the happy hour that should put him in full possession of her charms.

Hereupon our two lovers separated for the present; and Don Fernando entering his wife's apartments, assumed an air of careless unconcern, whilst he discovered a more than usual flow of spirits; from which Donna Maria presaged to herself the happiest consequences and effects in certain business of a tender-import, which we leave to the reader's own imagination to divine. In order more  
effec-

effectually to impose upon his wife's credulity, and prevent her from diving into his real views, our hero pretended to be seized with a sudden fit of amorous impatience, which would not suffer him to wait for the gratification of his desires till he should receive them in the usual family way; and pointing to the bed, whispered something in his lady's ear. This he spoke in a tone so low, that it was impossible for us to understand his words; but from the pleasure which sparkled in the lady's eye, together with certain motions and manoeuvres that succeeded, we have reason to believe that the said whispered communication was not altogether disagreeable. Perhaps the lady would have taken him at his word, and possibly have proceeded to greater lengths than our hero desired, had not the entrance of the servant, with the necessary apparatus for supper, relieved him from all immediate apprehension of danger.

The innkeeper's niece, anxious to shew every respect due to the rank and quality of her uncle's guests, waited herself at table; though her situation was certainly very awkward, for whilst she sedulously avoided meeting the eyes of Fernando, lest her looks should betray the guilty wishes of her heart, she could not without jealousy behold the superior beauty of Donna Maria, whose unrivalled charms seemed to deprive her of all hopes that our hero, foregoing the embraces of his wife, should prefer to pass the night with her.

Supper was not yet finished, when Fernando affected to be overcome with sleep; his knife and fork dropped *involuntarily* (to appearance at least)

ou-



out of his hand, whilst he gradually fell back in a reclining attitude, and rested himself, as if willing to take a nap in his arm-chair. Donna Maria attributing his drowsiness to the fatigues of the journey, and having herself no great objections to the comforts of a soft bed, though, perhaps, not wholly from *sleepy* motives, gave her husband a gentle shake, and pressed him to retire: "Yes, in a minute," replied Fernando, (stretching himself, and rubbing his eyes, as though he had been just awaked from sleep) "I will only first give my servants the necessary orders relative to our departure to-morrow morning; meanwhile, do you undress yourself—I shall be with you again in an instant."

With these words our hero left the room, and immediately sallied out: shall we pay so bad a compliment to our reader's discernment, as to suppose him for a single moment at a loss to guess where? in quest of Catalina. Not that he had the least reason to doubt the punctuality of his new mistress, in attending the assignation agreed upon, as related above; but experience and frequent mischances had early taught him the truth of the old adage:

"*Multa cadunt inter calicem, supremaque labra.*"

Many things fall out between the cup and lip!

His maxim, therefore, was to leave as little as possible to chance, but rather to make "assurance double sure"—a maxim, which, by the bye, we would recommend to every youthful adventurer in the service of her Cyprian Majesty.—Behold him, then,

then, with his intended companion, reconnoitering a second time the premises; behold him taking an exact view and survey of the chamber, its situation, and the avenues leading thereto, so as to be in no danger of missing his way in the dark; and, lastly, hear them mutually exchange the watch-word or signal of approach.

This done, Fernando bent his course back to his wife's apartment, whom he found already undressed and in bed, waiting with eager impatience the return of her lord and master. The journey, it seems, had not proved less efficacious in producing amorous propensities in Donna Maria than in her husband. It was not, therefore, without the liveliest sense of joy that she beheld our hero enter the room, who, undressing himself in a trice, appeared in more than usual haste to stretch his vigorous limbs between the same pair of sheets.

But mark the dire decrees of fate! and again see an instance of the truth of the proverb we have already quoted, to wit, "Many things fall out between the cup and lip!"—Just in the very moment when Donna Maria flattered herself that she was about to receive the *ne plus ultra* of human enjoyment; when her passions and expectations were screwed up to the highest pitch; when things seemed drawing to a *crisis*; in that self same moment were her fondest hopes disappointed—for Don Fernando was no sooner in bed, than he fell into a profound sleep, and by the loudness of his snoring you would have imagined that he was determined to let no one sleep besides himself. How mortifying in these circumstances must have been  
the

the situation of the lady! especially if we take into consideration the sanguine hopes she had formed of her *coming joys* from the amorous symptoms which Fernando exhibited before supper. Perhaps none but a Spanish lady could have borne a disappointment of this nature with common patience; but in Spain, as is well known, where *passive obedience* from the subject to the monarch is not more *arbitrarily*\* enforced than from the wife to her husband, the ladies are seldom suffered to wear the breeches. Donna Maria, therefore, was obliged to digest her chagrin as well as possible; and not daring to disturb her husband's repose, the wisest part she could take was to imitate his example, and defer the gratification of her desires till morning.

Durum, sed levius fit patientia  
Quicquid corrigere est nefas.

\* The homage which the Spanish ladies pay to their husbands is carried to such a boundless excess, that at table the wife, instead of seating herself at the head, takes her stand behind her husband's chair, and literally honours him as her lord and master, by waiting upon him like a servant. Little occasion, therefore, as we may have for a thorough reformation of manners in this happy country, it is presumed that the British fair, when they contemplate the above picture, will not think a revolution in other parts of the globe altogether needless.

*Note by the Translator.*



## CHAP. II.

Digression on sundry matters of great moment—

A mistake in the well-known aphorism of Galenus rectified—Wisdom of the Spartans, manifested in their laws relative to women labouring under matrimonial inconveniences—Sequel of Don Fernando's intrigue with Catalina.

THE author of a certain work, entitled, "*Bon us mulier, five de mulieribus jucunda dissertatio*," very pertinently observes, that it generally forebodes little good, when a husband of our hero's age and complexion can so far forget the relative duties of his station, as to imagine, or, at least, act as though he imagined, that the ingenious artist, who first invented that curious piece of mechanism, vulgarly denominated a Bed, had not in the said invention directed his views to matters of higher dignity and importance, than the bare *repose* of weary limbs. After expatiating upon this subject with much pleasantry, and corroborating his opinions with several sage remarks of various authors, among others, with the authority of no less a man than St. Paul himself; who, in the fifth verse of the seventh chapter of his first Epistle to the Corinthians, expressly commands husband and wife not to "*defraud each other*;" he proceeds to

C

point

point out an error in the well-known aphorism of Galenus :

“ *Labor, cibus, potio, somnus, Venus.*”

Where, by the neglect of transcribers, a word, he says, has been omitted, which being restored, the sentence will run thus :

“ *Labor, cibus, potio, Venus, somnus, Venus.*”

In proof of this assertion, he quotes the authority of the Roman civil law, still made use of in the German empire, which grants to the wife the right of preferring a formal complaint against her husband, in case the latter does not on all occasions, not excepting \* Saint days, or even Lent itself, shew himself at all times ready and willing.

“ *BIS in nocte ad tangendum instrumentum, et  
“ perfolvenda debita.*”

An honourable exception is, however, made in favour of such as have already passed their grand climacteric.

\* *Omnes autem dies tam festi quam prophani, adde etiam noctes, utiles hic censentur. Neque messium aut vindemiarum tempora sunt importuna. Quippe quod festa, et messium et vindemiarum ferias, omnibus prodesse vere dicitur a D. Wefenbeccio.*

“ *BIS*

“ BIS in *menſe* cucurbitandum *Senibus*.” \*

The peculiar hardships under which every woman muſt neceſſarily labour, that is unfortunately yoked *vinculo matrimonii* to ſuch a ſleepy drone of a huſband, inducèd the Spartans, who were juſtly celebrated for the wiſdom of their laws, to take their caſe into kind conſideration; as appears from an edict, by which ample proviſion was made in favour of the ſaid ſufferers: “ His *vacantibus* mulieribus, ut merito vocantur, “ Lacedæmonii peculiari lege conſulebant, quâ “ *emortuus* ille Achilles delectum aliquem juvenem (qui exinde a juvando non nullis dictus videtur) *ſalvis adhuc vafis inſtructum, plenifque probatæ monetæ loculis peculiatum*, reipublicæ propagandæ ac ſuſcipiendæ prolis ergo, “ admittere coge batur. Neque enim intereſt, quis “ debita ſolvat, utrum ipſe qui debet, an alius “ pro eo.”

So likewiſe the Romans, in times of public calamity, when war and deſolation threatened to depopulate the ſtate, commiſſioned their Conſuls to enquire particularly into theſe matters; giving them, for that purpoſe, full and uncontrouled power, by virtue of a decree, in the following terms: “ Dent operam Conſules, ne quid detrimenti capiat reſpublica.”

\* Perhaps it was from this favourable *bye law*, that the author of *Triftram Shandy* took the idea of *monthly winding up the family clock*, &c. &c.



No nation, however, seems to have paid proper regard to the lamentable case of those unhappy wives, who, though not unequally yoked, *sub jugo ahenæ Achilli emortuo atque impotenti*, are, if possible, in a situation ten times more cruel and afflicting. Comparison, perhaps, will best elucidate our meaning. Inured from his infancy to daily toil, the honest husbandman, without repining, braves the summer suns, the winter frosts, and all the rage of angry skies, nor grumbles that his work is hard, his sleep short, his bread coarse, and his whole life one continued series of sorrows and fatigue. But what would be his feelings, if placed in the midst of opulence, surrounded with pleasure, and seated in the very lap of plenty, he should still be condemned to pursue his former course of abstinence and labour? How cruelly would contrast aggravate his sorrows?

And what, to make the application, must be the feelings of a wife, who married to a husband of known and approved abilities; a husband who never yet was suspected of burying his talents in a napkin; has the daily mortification to see those talents ill bestowed; to see what she conceives her lawful and exclusive property, squandered away in contraband and foreign traffic, whilst she beholds herself, with plenty in her view, condemned to keep perpetual Lent; and therefore, cannot but envy so many a savoury bit, that passes untasted by her longing lips?

Exactly such was the case with Donna Maria; and can we then a single moment wonder at her vexation, in consequence of the cruel disappointment

ment she experienced. Her sole, her last resource, as we observed in the preceding chapter, was, if possible, to imitate her husband's example, and bury her chagrin in sleep. This, however, could not be done immediately; it required at least an hour's exertion of her reason, before she could sufficiently recompose her ruffled spirits to be in a suitable frame of mind to receive the visit of that gentle deity, who, as the poet, with equal elegance and truth expresses himself:

" Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,  
" And lights on lids unfullied with a tear."

And as nothing worthy of notice happened during that time, we took the opportunity, with a view to the reader's pleasure and instruction, of moulding a few practical observations into the form of a digression, from which we now return to pursue the thread of our history.

No sooner was Donna Maria securely buried in a profound sleep, than her husband, whose slumber was altogether counterfeit, prepared for his approaching interview with Catalina. It happened very fortunately for our hero, that, himself and family excepted, no travellers had put up at Vifo that night: the innkeeper therefore, and his servants, had retired to their respective apartments long before the hour of assignation agreed upon between Fernando and his kind-hearted mistress. That virtuous lady, all impatience to clasp our hero in her arms, could hardly wait the time she had herself appointed, but placing her

ear against the key-hole of the door, stood listening for his approach, whilst her busy imagination anticipated the raptures that should shortly ensue. At length the tardy hour of eleven was heard to strike: difficult it is to determine which of the expectant parties was most pleased with the welcome sound. Fernando instantly arose, and stealing as softly as possible from the side of his neglected wife, wrapped himself up in his cloak, the only article of dress, his shirt excepted, which he deemed necessary to wear on the occasion. Then opening the door with all the silent precaution of a midnight robber, and without giving himself time to shut it again, he flew on the wings of burning, fierce desire, to Catalina's apartment.

A gentle rap at the chamber-door was the signal agreed upon. Instantaneously he felt himself embraced with more than wonted ardour, whilst his mistress, holding him fast-locked in her arms, almost smothered him with her caresses. Vain would be every attempt to describe the luscious scene that followed, or the extatic raptures that mutually pervaded their souls. Don Fernando was no Joseph; no visionary Platonic; no modern system-builder; no dry-chip compound of apathy and philosophy. Nature had dealt honestly with him: "*Erat et vasis adhuc salvis instructus, et plenius probatæ monetæ oculis peculiatus*:"—impossible, therefore, was it for him to waste such precious moments in empty talk, or in the usual discourse of lovers, however impassioned. The melting touch of naked beauty; the swelling bosom



bosom beating high with fierce, ungovernable desire; the burning kiss; the wanton, nimble tongue darted with force irresistible betwixt his lips; the soft invigorating hand, applied to passion's most refined and ticklish part—not to mention a thousand nameless *et cætera's* more—all these tempted to higher joys. Shook as with an earthquake, rattled the bed beneath them during the amorous conflict, whilst their active limbs now meeting, now retreating, like waves that lash the founding shore, still moved in perfect unison, keeping time to Love's extatic measure.

So skilful rowers on the watery deep,  
Sing as they toil, and time precisely keep :  
At once with vigorous strokes they beat the main,  
At once recede, at once descend again.  
Alternately they bend, alternate rise,  
Foam the white waves, and swift the winged galley flies.

## CHAP. III.

A fresh instance of the salutary effects of travelling—  
Donna Maria's mistake ; together with the happy  
consequences attending it—Tit for tat—How to  
get out of a damned hobble.

WHILST Catalina and our hero were thus  
sacrificing to the Cyprian goddess, and mutually  
experiencing in each other's arms the sweets of  
love that meets return, it happened that Valerio,  
one of Don Fernando's domestics, being prompted  
by certain emotions, which, though not of the  
amorous kind, might, perhaps, with equal justice,  
be ranked among the salutary effects of travelling ;  
of which we treated in the first chapter of this  
work ; had occasion to offer his oblations at the  
shrine of a certain goddess, known to the Greeks  
and Romans by the name of *Gloacina*, and who  
boasts this singular advantage over the rest of the  
gods and goddesses of antiquity, that the introduc-  
tion and progress of christianity has not lessened  
the number of her votaries ; neither have her  
altars ceased from smoaking with the grateful  
fumes of incense and burnt-offerings. For to her  
do the Kings of the earth pay tribute ; the Queens  
also and the Princesses, (or they are much belied)  
kneel down before her !

As

As Valerio was not one of those who, like the Pharisees of old, *sound a trumpet* before them, whenever they feel themselves religiously inclined, he stole as softly as possible from the side of his companion, and, fearful of giving the least alarm, would not even venture to strike a light, but cautiously groped his way in the dark to the temple of the said goddess; where, having duly performed his devotion, he, with the same silent circumspection, proceeded to grope his way back again. But as it frequently happens, that a man who wanders about in strange places in the dark, is liable to go astray, where he least suspects or intended it, Valerio had got to the further end of the gallery which led to the several apartments, where Don Fernando and his servants, male and female, were quartered, before he imagined himself half way. A terrible blow on the nose, which unfortunately came in rude contact with the opposite wall, was the first notice he received of his error. Thus feelingly convinced of his mistake, he immediately turned back, and began to grope for the door of his own apartment.

Now as it is much easier for a man in Valerio's predicament, to stumble upon a door that is left wide open, than upon the lock of one that is shut, it very naturally came to pass, that Valerio found his way into the very identical chamber where Donna Maria lay fast asleep, dreaming of nothing less than the infidelity of her husband, who, as related in the preceding chapter, had forgot to push to the door in his hasty flight to Catalina's apartment. Valerio was not long in feeling for the bed,



bed, and still more expeditious in getting into it; which he certainly did with as little noise and ceremony as possible. But in spite of all his silent, well-meant precaution, it was impracticable for him to manage matters so dexterously as not to awake Donna Maria; who mistaking him, no doubt, for her husband, and considering his restlessness as a favourable omen that the business of the night would still be finished to her satisfaction, with great eagerness clasped her husband, as she conceived him, in her arms: "Sweet Jesus! my dear love!"—finding him not altogether so heated as she expected—"how cold you feel! and how your poor feet are almost perished!"—at the same time interweaving her legs with his.—"There now, cuddle me, my precious!—What! not one kiss for your poor, loving wife?"—surprised at receiving no reply to all her fond expressions of tenderness—"Dear soul! let me rub you up a little," &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

Stupid, indeed, must Valerio have been, if the actions and manœuvres, with which Donna Maria accompanied this harangue, had suffered him to persist in his original mistake. In fact it required very little skill in divination to comprehend the real state of the case; for if there be, as Pliny and Aristotle positively maintain, a wide difference between a *woman* and a *maid*, we may venture to infer, that the difference between a *woman* and a *man* is still wider. Exclusive of this, Valerio had not, without many shrewd suspicions, observed the mutual exchange of ogles between Don Fernando and Catalina before supper;

per; the several circumstances, therefore, which paved the way to his present *tête-à-tête* with his mistress, her being left to sleep alone, with the door wide open, &c. were very easily accounted for.

So far, however, was Valerio from any desire to take advantage of his present situation, that he longed for nothing more ardently than a favourable opportunity of making good his retreat, unobserved by Donna Maria. For this purpose, he obstinately maintained a profound silence, in spite of all her fond endearments, hoping that sleep would presently overpower the lady, when his design was to take his leave, and steal unheeded to his own apartment. Fate, however, had otherwise decreed! for Donna Maria's blood was now up, and her whole frame put into such a violent agitation, that nothing short of actual enjoyment could allay the fever.

Neither indeed was Valerio's condition much better. The caresses lavished upon him by Donna Maria, under the supposition of his being, if not her *true*, (for she was but too well acquainted with Fernando's roving disposition) at least her *lawful* husband; the dexterous application of her hands to certain parts, on which they operated like the shock of an electrical machine; the magic influence of *animal warmth*, when body meets body, and proudly beating swell two palpitating hearts, as eager to unite in one; and lastly the

\*\*\*\*\*  
 \*\*\*\*\*  
 All this completely counterbalanced the whole  
 stock

stock of prudence, which a youth of nineteen, well made and sound, both wind and limb, may reasonably be supposed to possess.

The reflection on consequences, or the injury he was about to do his master, no longer served as a barrier to his desires: honest passion, powerfully aided by nature and the vigour of youth, like a torrent irresistible, bore down all before it, and wide throwing open the *flood-gates* of joy, he prepared for the amorous encounter.

Thus, where Batavia's sons with patient toil,  
From hoary Ocean steal the fertile soil;  
Enormous dykes secure the well-earn'd vale,  
And ploughshares shine, where ships were wont to  
fail;

But if, perchance, the raging tempests sweep,  
And scour the peaceful bosom of the deep;  
Whilst fierce the foaming billows brave the skies,  
And all the terrors of the deep arise;  
Impetuous through the ramparts breaks the main,  
And mounds, and dams, and dykes oppose in vain,  
With grief the farmer views his hopes destroy'd,  
And ruin heaped on ruin far and wide.

Still, however, respect for the fair object of his passion, whom he had been wont to look up to as to a being of superior order, seemed to claim some ceremony, some preliminary address. He durst not venture at once, and immediately, upon the attack; but prefacing his premeditated assault with a profusion of caresses, printed a thousand burning and impassioned kisses on her rosy cheeks; her pouting, ruby lips; her neck of more than marble



marble gloss and whiteness; from whence descending, his amorous fingers wandered o'er that heaven of charms that graced the snowy precincts of her bosom. There glewed his lips enamoured on the sweet rose-buds of beauty, that crowned each fair, transparent orb;—those globes so pleasing to the sight and touch, more worthy to be studied by man than either globe *celestial*, or *terrestrial*!

Pleasing as all these frolics might have been to Donna Maria at any other time, she longed at present for more *substantial* joys; for which reason, addressing her supposed husband in a languishing tone of voice: "Why, my dear—she began—do you thus stifle and almost devour me with kisses! I vow, I cannot bear all this; I shall die under it. But if—added she—you wish to restore me to life, satisfy at once your desires and my own."—What flesh and blood, I beg leave to ask, could have resisted so sweet a temptation? Valerio, without any further ceremony, abandoned himself to the pleasing task of giving and receiving mutual satisfaction, and did the *needfuls* with as much vigour and spirit as Don Fernando may be supposed to

\* Mr. Burke, in his famous Treatise on the Beautiful and Sublime, entirely agrees with this assertion of our author, when he affirms, that the grandest sight in all creation—the very essence of loveliness, in which is concentrated and comprised every idea of beauty—is the display of the neck and breast of a really beauteous woman;—a sight, he adds, which beings of a superior order must behold with rapture and astonishment, and, compared to which, the rising sun in all his glories is a mere *bagatelle*!

*Note by the Translator.*  
have

have employed in his encounter with the inn-keeper's niece.

Enjoyment was, however, soon succeeded by painful reflections to both parties. After the first transports of passion had somewhat subsided, Donna Maria—whether the *extra-ordinary* supplies she had received, verified the old saying, that “*the servant is often a better man than his master,*”—or that the silence which Valerio observed throughout the whole transaction appeared somewhat mysterious—began to harbour suspicions, that things were not altogether as they should be; whilst Valerio, on his side, expected every moment the return of Don Fernando, and, anticipating the consequences that were likely to ensue, beheld in imagination his injured master standing over him with his arm uplifted, and ready to plunge a dagger in his heart.

Much as he wished, therefore, to retreat, he was not less apprehensive of discovering himself to his mistress; and yet he readily foresaw that to steal away without her knowledge, whilst she lay asleep, would expose him to certain danger of being detected. For the extreme pleasure which Donna Maria had testified during the amorous encounter left him no room to doubt but she would unwittingly betray the whole affair to her husband, under whose sanction he had, by a strange concurrence of circumstances, received those invaluable favours that were due to Don Fernando alone. At length, after a long and painful conflict of contending sentiments, of doubts and fears, he came to the resolution of addressing

addressing Donna Maria in the character of Camilla, her favourite *femme de chambre*, with whom Valerio had been long suspected of carrying on an intrigue. For this purpose, drawing as close to Donna Maria as possible, though, in fact, he had not far to move, and embracing her with uncommon ardour: "Never, my dear Camilla"—he began—"could I have dared to hope, after the cruel prohibitions of Don Fernando, who has always opposed our growing attachment, (for which, by the bye, I hope to be even with him one day or other) that you would have given me such delicious, such unquestionable proofs of your affection and regard. How often have I been ready to run distracted at the thoughts of losing you! when I fancied myself convinced that you had entirely cast off and rejected me! But now that you have conferred such distinguished favours upon me, be assured that there is no danger to which I will not willingly expose myself to procure a repetition of them. Yes, ever lovely, and adorable Camilla, you shall find me worthy of your regard; nothing shall henceforth tear me from your arms.

"But why—added he, finding her still pensive and dejected—why does my dear love thus torment herself with gloomy apprehensions? Why does she not answer me? Of what can my charmer be afraid? Your companion is entirely in my interest; and as to any fear of Don Fernando's coming upon us by surprise, you may make yourself perfectly easy on his account. Believe me, he is at present much better employed, revelling



in the arms of the inn-keeper's niece; whilst Donna Maria, his fair, neglected wife, lies buried in a profound sleep, and little dreams of the injury done her by her faithless husband."

These words, accompanied with an infinite profusion of kisses and amorous soothing, left Donna Maria no longer room to doubt the whimsical turn which things had taken. Happy, however, in finding that she had to do with a person of great discretion as well as vigour, she soon got the better of her uneasiness, and quieting her conscience with the comfortable reflection, that she was entirely innocent as to any preconcerted design, she began to consider her adventure with Valerio as the means by which Providence had retaliated upon her husband for his repeated infidelity to her bed.

Prudence, however, let her see the necessity of parting from her new favourite for the present—to whom, making a present of one of her ear-rings, having neglected to take them out on her getting into bed, after the fatigues of her journey—Take this—she said—as a pledge of future happiness; be but discreet as you have been fortunate, and meanwhile rest assured, that your ruin or advancement depend entirely upon your own conduct."

Valerio staid not to reply; but gently raising himself from the bed, hurried instantly away to his own apartment; not however before his mistress had sealed his pardon with the most impassioned kiss.

CHAP. IV.

A long digression on the subject of KISSING ;—  
concluding with a story less known than it deserves  
to be.

NATURAL historians will have observed,  
that *Kissing* generally forms the Alpha and Omega  
of the commerce between the two sexes. Some  
have even gone so far as to affirm, that where  
this necessary concomitant in the business of  
love is wanting, the last stage of enjoyment itself  
loses not only great part of its gust and relish, but  
very frequently its virtue and efficacy\* ; kissing  
being found of great service in aiding nature and  
promoting conception. Hence Aristotle informs  
us, that horses are wont before coition to snuff up  
the exhalations of each other's nostrils, which  
proves a wonderful incentive to lust.—“ Equi  
“ ante coitum conspirant anhelitu, et per hoc ad  
“ luxuriam provocantur.” Hence likewise Pliny  
expressly assures us, that doves, whose billing and  
cooing is become proverbial, make it a standing  
law, a law irrevocable, like that of the Medes and

\* Cujus rei hæc est ratio, quod luxuria per osculum  
incitatur, quia in osculantibus convenientia partium  
fit, et animales spiritus conjunguntur.

Persians, that unless the male do first duly, lovingly, and truly kiss, caress, and embrace his intended mate, no connexion between the parties shall be suffered to take place:—"Masculo columbarum  
 "non prius feminam *inire* fas est, quam *osculum*  
 "illi dederit. Non enim admittunt feminæ marium  
 "commercium, si vacuum sit *osculo*."

Now, although it appears from various calculations, that of kisses there are, *mirabile dictu!* not less than *sixteen* different sorts and species, as may be seen in the *Dissertatio Philologica de Osculis*, printed at Frankfort Anno 1695, it is presumed that the reader will by this time be sufficiently acquainted with the drift and purport of the present work, to know, that in treating of kisses, we neither mean the kissing of the hand of Royalty, nor the toe of his Holiness the Pope; nor the Apostolic *kiss of Peace*; nor that kind of kissing practised on the cover of a book in certain Courts of Justice; nor in short any other kiss whatever; of which, as already mentioned, not less than sixteen different sorts are enumerated by some authors, (all which, by the bye, don't signify a rush; for as Theocritus in his *Idylls*, speaking of such kisses, justly observes:

—κενὸν φίλαμα λέγουσιν  
 Τὸ στόμα μὲν πλύνω, καὶ ἀποσπίνω τὸ φίλαμα\*.

—rem ajunt esse oscula inanem:  
 Et facie abluta tolluntur, et oscula sputo.)

\* Such kisses are not worth a clout,  
 I wash my mouth and spit them out.

But



But we understand, solely and alone, that kind of kiss, which Horace describes as enriched by Venus with the quintessence and nectar of delight—"quin-  
"ta parte sui nectaris imbuit;"—in other words, the kiss which speaks to the feelings of the heart; the kiss which penetrates to the very vitals; which puts a man's whole frame in violent commotion; which sets fire to his mass of blood, and causes it to boil like a cauldron or a tea-kettle.

Of this kind of kiss, such is the magic influence and virtue, that whoever can withstand its powerful effects, must be either *more* or *less* than man. Wherefore Scaliger not unaptly calls it the prelude to adultery; the antepast of lust; the forerunner, attendant, and follower of fornication: and hence the severity of the feudal laws punished with the loss of his fee-farm, or copyhold, the vassal who was daring enough to kiss the lips of his Lord's wife; and the wife that thus suffered herself to be embraced, lost all claim to pin-money and jointure:—"Vasallus feudum  
"amittit, si uxorem Domini sui turpiter oscu-  
"latus fuerit."—Menoch. de arbitr. Jud. lib. 2. cent. 3. cas. 267.—"Quod si mulier deosculari se passa est, propter osculum dotem perdit, non secus ac propter commissum adulterium." Cagnol. in Rubr. C. de eden. n. 28.

But as it was in the beginning, even so it is now, and ever shall be:

"Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum."

i. e. Kissing goes by favour.

Com-

Compos'd of two extremes, without a middle,  
 How justly woman may be term'd a riddle!  
 Or keep aloof, and never enter in;  
 Or boldly dash at once through thick and thin!

And here, with the reader's good-will and permission, I might take occasion to whisper a piece of wholesome advice in his ear; but conscious that examples teach where precept fails, and that sermons are less read than tales, I shall present him with an Italian story quite in point, which well deserves to be rescued from oblivion. And as I have no reason to doubt the goodness of my reader's teeth, I shall even leave him to crack the nut and extract the kernel himself. Many writers, I own, both think and act in a very different manner; but ink and paper, and, in fact, every thing else is too dear in the present times, impoverished as we are by war and other national calamities, to throw away upon moralizing.

"Not only Lords and Dukes—begins my author—but when I say Princes, and even Crowned Heads themselves, I still keep within compass, commenced rivals for the hand of the fair Countess of \*\*\*.

"This lady was universally esteemed the greatest beauty in all Italy;—I was going to have added, in the whole world; but after naming Italy, that *hot-bed* of perfection! an addition of this kind would be a positive anticlimax! Balls, shews, and tournaments became of course so much in vogue at the Court where she resided, that Sundays and Saint-days, instead of exhibiting a grand-

a grander display of fashion, splendor, and magnificence, were justly accounted the dullest in the whole week. Historians have neglected to detail the number of ill-fated lovers that first and last fell victims to her charms; so much, however, appears from unquestionable authority, that fewer lives were lost in the famous courtship of Atalanta\*, that swift-footed heroine of antiquity. Let Atheists say what they please, marriages to a certainty are, and *must* be, made out in Heaven!

\* For the benefit of such of our readers, as may not have made mythology their study, we will briefly observe, that the female prize-runner here alluded to, was the daughter of Schœneus, the King, or rather, to speak with more propriety, Chief of one of the islands in the Archipelagus. The report of Atalanta's beauty, as well as her unrivalled swiftness of foot, of which many elegant fictions are to be found in the mythological writers, procured her a great number of suitors. Atalanta, however, having been warned by the Oracle of Apollo, never to marry, and wishing to get rid of her lovers with a *good grace*, convened a public meeting of them all; and proposed, that in order to end the dispute between them, she would enter the lists with such as chose to contend with her, and that whoever should in the course of the race shew a better pair of heels than her own, should immediately be honoured with her hand: but that all who should be distanced by her, should pay the forfeit with their lives. The story tells us, that notwithstanding the severity of these inhuman conditions, many were foolish enough to run the risk, and actually suffered the punishment incurred.

*Note by the Translator.*

—The



—The doctrine is beyond a doubt; or if a doubt there were, the present, amongst an infinity of similar instances, might serve to establish its truth.—After a long and hot contest, the Duke of \*\*\*\* carried off the prize triumphantly from all his numerous competitors. The whole world—the reader will please to recollect, that it is an Italian that relates the story—The whole world was lost in wonder and surprize at this strange issue of things; and hardly could mankind give faith to the evidence of their own eyes, when they beheld the Duke leading his beauteous bride to the Temple of Hymen!

“Now to account for this wonder, astonishment, and incredulity of the whole human race, it seems that the Duke, however comely in the eyes of the lady, was not considered as a second Adonis by the rest of the world, at least not by the fair-sex. In height, he hardly measured four feet; his nose, excepting the very extremity, lay almost flat to his face; and, on account of a certain defect in his optics, which in size and colour differed very little from a horse-bean, his domestics used frequently among themselves to distinguish him by no other appellation than that of *gravy-eyes*! Some philosophers will have it, that God never forms a *little* man, but what he makes amends for his abbreviation in some shape or other: and hence, we presume, originates the saying, almost proverbial in the mouth of the fair-sex, that Mr. Such and such a one—speaking of some diminutive, but well formed favourite, some Nero in the small way—is a *Great little Man*! This, however,

was

was by no means their opinion of the Duke of \*\*\*\*. A fierce engagement, which he had whilst an infant, with an angry turkey-cock, had given birth to several witty sarcasms upon his talents for procreation. Being once severely jammed in a precipitate retreat from the Opera House against the door-post, in consequence of an alarm of fire, and complaining afterwards in a circle of his acquaintance, that he had been hurt in the *tenderest* part, a lady present very significantly observed, that she was sorry to find his Highness had not yet got the better of his *old* sore!—For these and other reasons, too numerous to relate at present, the world might well wonder at the marriage between the Countess and the Duke. In point of riches, indeed, he might have rivalled Croesus; certain, however, is it, that his wealth procured him less envy among his neighbours of rank and title, than his alliance with so fair and accomplished a lady.

Among other domestics of his household was a certain young man of promising appearance, whom the Duke took into his service from motives of compassion; his father dying insolvent whilst he was yet a child. After passing through the several regular gradations of office, in which he acquitted himself to general satisfaction, he was upon the Duke's marriage promoted to the rank of page to the Duchess.

Ignatio (such was the name of our young Squire) not only in rank and fortune, but still more so in person and in figure, furnished a striking contrast with the Duke, his master. Nature,

—The doctrine is beyond a doubt; or if a doubt there were, the present, amongst an infinity of similar instances, might serve to establish its truth.—After a long and hot contest, the Duke of \*\*\*\* carried off the prize triumphantly from all his numerous competitors. The whole world—the reader will please to recollect, that it is an Italian that relates the story—The whole world was lost in wonder and surprize at this strange issue of things; and hardly could mankind give faith to the evidence of their own eyes, when they beheld the Duke leading his beauteous bride to the Temple of Hymen!

“Now to account for this wonder, astonishment, and incredulity of the whole human race, it seems that the Duke, however comely in the eyes of the lady, was not considered as a second Adonis by the rest of the world, at least not by the fair-sex. In height, he hardly measured four feet; his nose, excepting the very extremity, lay almost flat to his face; and, on account of a certain defect in his optics, which in size and colour differed very little from a horse-bean, his domesticks used frequently among themselves to distinguish him by no other appellation than that of *gravy-eyes*! Some philosophers will have it, that God never forms a *little* man, but what he makes amends for his abbreviation in some shape or other: and hence, we presume, originates the saying, almost proverbial in the mouth of the fair-sex, that Mr. Such and such a one—speaking of some diminutive, but well formed favourite, some Nero in the small way—is a *Great little Man*! This, however,

was



was by no means their opinion of the Duke of\*\*\*\*. A fierce engagement, which he had whilst an infant, with an angry turkey-cock, had given birth to several witty sarcasms upon his talents for procreation. Being once severely jammed in a precipitate retreat from the Opera House against the door-post, in consequence of an alarm of fire, and complaining afterwards in a circle of his acquaintance, that he had been hurt in the *tenderest* part, a lady present very significantly observed, that she was sorry to find his Highness had not yet got the better of his *old* fore!—For these and other reasons, too numerous to relate at present, the world might well wonder at the marriage between the Countess and the Duke. In point of riches, indeed, he might have rivalled Croesus; certain, however, is it, that his wealth procured him less envy among his neighbours of rank and title, than his alliance with so fair and accomplished a lady.

Among other domestics of his household was a certain young man of promising appearance, whom the Duke took into his service from motives of compassion; his father dying insolvent whilst he was yet a child. After passing through the several regular gradations of office, in which he acquitted himself to general satisfaction, he was upon the Duke's marriage promoted to the rank of page to the Duchess.

Ignatio (such was the name of our young Squire) not only in rank and fortune, but still more so in person and in figure, furnished a striking contrast with the Duke, his master. Nature,

in bestowing upon him a pair of broad shoulders, sturdy calves, and a stature that measured upwards of six feet, seemed purposely to have designed, fashioned, and predestinated him for the honourable post he now held of waiting on an amiable young lady, and other the like Herculean employments. Ignatio demeaned himself in this station with his usual conduct and applause, and thereby wonderfully ingratiated himself into the esteem of his lady, of which frequent and honourable rewards afforded him the most flattering proofs.

The world—here our author makes use of this term with greater propriety than he did on a former occasion—the whole world, he observes, is naturally inclined to slander. Hence envious persons fancied to perceive in Ignacio's attention to the Duchess, a stronger principle and motive than that of duty; whilst others, with equal malevolence and injustice, pretended to discover in the treatment he received from the Duchess more than the ordinary testimonies of esteem with which a lady is wont to honour her servant. This, however, being matter of conjecture only, we pass over, as altogether beneath the dignity and notice of an historian.

It was a regular custom with the Duchess, provided the weather and other casualties permitted, to feed her favourite swan every morning with her own hands. Swans, as appears from the well-known story of Leda, have in all ages been the delight and admiration of womankind: not altogether, it is presumed, on account of their sweet, harmonious song; few, very few persons  
having

having the good fortune of Ælian\*, to hear those melting strains, which death alone can put them in the humour of rehearsing. But there is in the long and beautiful curve of the neck, in its marble gloss, and sleekness soft as ermine, something wonderfully pleasing and majestic, which gives birth to a strange combination of ideas. "Quippe  
 "quod veretro virili simillimum est"—writes  
 Levinus Lemnius — "atque dum virgines hoc  
 "spectaculo inhiant, tantum intus gignit calorem,  
 "ut tunc vel ova gallinarum inter mamillas exclu-  
 "dere possint. Totum enim corpus libidine ti-  
 "tillatur, exuberans que sanguis, calore velut  
 "attenuatus diffunditur, et vix jam suis recep-  
 "taculis coercitus viam sibi parat, qua dimanet.

\* The strange accounts which many authors have thought proper to give us of this dying concert of the swan, are now justly exploded as fiction, notwithstanding several grave philosophers, and, among others, Aristotle and Cicero, placed great faith therein. The latter attributes this divine harmony to the foretaste, which the swan, being a bird dedicated to Apollo, has in his dying moments of the joys of a future state—"quasi præ lætitia cantat, cum prospiciat  
 "quantus bonorum cumulus sit in morte"—by the same rule, to compare great things with small, as Pope puts a song of triumph into the mouth of his dying Christian. Ælian, who wrote a kind of Natural History, assures us, that he had the good fortune to be himself present at one of these dying concerts:—"ἐγὼ δὲ ἄδοντος κύκνου ἤκουσα"—are the very words of this venerable historian.

*Note by the Translator.*

E

"Qua-



“ Quapropter partes quoque illas, quas pudor omnino vult taceri, ob veneris impatientiam unguculis perpruriscunt, et summopere avere incipiunt Thyrsus illum, quo se casabundæ sustinere plerumque consuevere.”—And this I take to be the reason why Leda experienced so much pleasure in harbouring the poor swan, that sought shelter between her legs from the impetuous fury of the winged messenger of Jove\*.

This, however, by way of digression; return we now to the Duchess:—that lady being one morning

\* We are told by mythologists, that Jupiter, in order to carry into execution his virtuous designs upon Leda, who, be it remembered, was a Princess Royal, and therefore the plot was at once difficult and treasonable, thought proper to change himself into a swan. Metamorphoses of this kind were at that time very much in vogue; and with a view to excite still more the pity of the Princess,—and Pity we know is next kin to Love,—Jupiter gave orders to the eagle (who like his modern successors in office, held more places than one under government, being both pimp and armour-bearer to his Godship,) to commence a sham pursuit or attack upon him. Royal bosoms have ever been found the seat of clemency and mercy. No wonder, therefore, the tender-hearted Princess could not bear to behold even the brute creation tyrannize over and oppress each other. Accordingly our poor swan found an open asylum under the petticoats of Royalty. The return which Jove made for this kind protection, was a couple of—eggs! which Leda found greater pleasure in sitting upon and hatching, than in making into egg-sauce, as some modern

morning engaged in her usual employment of *swan-feeding*, chanced to let her glove fall into the canal. Ignacio, who, on these occasions, never failed to attend her, constant as her shadow,

modern epicures might, perhaps, have been inclined to do.

Philosophical alchymists, who take equal delight with the rest of their fraternity in analysing and reducing every thing to its first principles, attempt to explain this allegory, as they conceive it, in the following manner. According to this doctrine, the swan was no other than some poor, shipwrecked sailor, who being cast away in a storm, (this is denoted by the appearance of the eagle, the thunder-bearer of the Gods) had barely strength sufficient to crawl ashore. Here, spent, fatigued, and to appearance lifeless, he is found by Leda. The compassionate Princess lifts him up, warms him in her bosom, chafes his temples and the vital parts of his body with her soft, invigorating hand, agreeable to the rules of the Humane Society, as established in those days, and at length succeeds in restoring him to life. The sailor returns the favour *en militaire*, by getting the Princess with child. This was certainly *Tit for Tat* at least; 'twas giving life for life.

What tends to render this account still more plausible, is, that Tyndarus, the father of Leda, was at that time actually King of a certain seaport town, founded by himself in the island of Sicily; from which circumstance we are led to infer, that Leda was accustomed to amuse herself with walking along the sea-shore, and therefore her meeting with the poor sailor appears very natural.

*Note by the Translator.*

without a moment's hesitation, plunged in after it, and being an excellent swimmer, soon recovered the glove, which he, with great reverence and submission, laid at the feet of his mistress. The world, as usual, on the report of this adventure, would hardly be persuaded that duty alone could prompt a servant to risk his life for so trifling an object as the recovery of his lady's glove. But the Duke, who beheld matters in a different light, was so charmed with this fresh proof of Ignacio's zeal and attachment to his service, that he presented him the next day with a commission.

In consequence of this new promotion, Ignacio's constant attendance upon the Duchess became no longer necessary. But whether Guiseppe, his successor in office, paid less attention to the art of pleasing, or that Nature had taken less pains in his composition than she did in the formation of Ignacio; certain it is, that the Duchess would frequently take occasion to lament the loss of her former servant; and one day in particular, when the new Squire had not altogether approved himself so ready to give satisfaction as he justly ought to have done, he received his discharge in no very honourable manner upon the very spot. The Duchess shortly after sent a billet to Ignacio; in which, after informing him of the circumstance, she observes, that she considered him, from the former experience she had made of his talents, to be a competent judge of the qualifications necessary and requisite in the person that should succeed to the office vacant by the disgrace of Guiseppe, and wishing therefore to consult him upon  
the



the subject, she begged that he would wait upon her the following morning. And here the Duchess very innocently happened to add, that as her husband would be engaged abroad all day, she should have full leisure to speak with him.

Ignacio accordingly waited upon the Duchess at the time appointed, and was, in consequence of her express orders, desired to walk up stairs to her apartment. Now, though the Duchess had herself given these orders not an hour before Ignacio's arrival, it so happened, by one of those unaccountable mistakes to which the weakness of human nature renders us continually liable, that the Duchess totally forgot the whole circumstance in less than five minutes after the delivery of the above orders. When, therefore, Ignacio made his appearance, he was not a little surprised to find her Grace stretched out at full length upon a sofa, with her cloaths above her knees, in an antichamber that communicated with her apartment, the door of which was *accidentally* left wide open. The Duchess appeared buried in a profound sleep, with no other covering in the world than her *chemise* and under-petticoat. Ignacio stood a long time, as it were, entranced with the sight of beauties that might have warmed the frozen breast of an Anchorite! Her lovely bosom, bare to view, and panting high, seemed alternately to court and shrink from the touch. Ignacio was no Joseph; he felt the honest workings of Nature within him; wherefore, after a few moments longer hesitation, he gently approached the fair object which so temptingly invited him;—and

then we may suppose followed a scene, which every reader will be able to picture to himself, without my giving a description thereof!—Far from it: Ignacio, overcome with respectful reverence and awe, barely ventured to kiss her heaving breast and lips of coral hue, and immediately withdrew with face as red as scarlet.

The next day the whole world heard with wonder and astonishment, that our military hero was in disgrace; that his commission was taken from him; and that he had received positive orders to leave the territories of the Duke within four and twenty hours, and never more to set foot therein, on pain of death.

“*Oscula qui sumpfit, si non et cetera sumpfit,  
Hæc quoque quæ data sunt perdere dignus erat.*”

The stupid lout that dares to steal  
A kiss, but dreads to venture further,  
Will to his shame and sorrow feel  
His crime is worse than rape or murder!

## CHAP. V.

Unexpected return of Rodriguez—Interruption—  
The chapter of accidents—Dismal dilemma—Mathematical demonstration of the vast superiority of female wit—The *argumentum ad hominem*, and the retort courteous.

“*NE quid nimis*”—says the Latin proverb; i. e. “Too much digression spoils the story.” Strong, therefore, as is our natural propensity to moralizing, we choose rather to gratify the curiosity of our readers by returning to Don Fernando, whom we left at the close of the second chapter of this work, fast encircled in the clasping arms of Catalina. Pleasures the most exquisite and delicious, are not always the most lasting; or, as the wife of Doctor Diaforus, of Segovia, used to complain, “*the most sublimated and refined of human enjoyments will not hold out half so long as a shoulder of mutton!*” Our lovers, therefore, after prolonging their mutual raptures as much as the nature of things would admit, were fain to seek repose from their fatigue in the silken embraces of sleep.

Meanwhile the husband of Catalina, urged by the fond impatience of an incompleted *honeymoon* to accelerate his return, arrived at Viseo not only



only sooner than he had originally designed, but, we are bold to add, much sooner than some folks could have wished; and actually presented himself before the inn-gate in less than ten minutes after his wife and her gallant had dropt asleep in each other's arms. The hostler, to whom his voice, from frequent and repeated scolding, was rendered perfectly familiar, instantly arose, struck a light, and with great reverence opened the door to his new lord and master. Rodriguez, (such was the name of our newly-married adventurer) leaving his horse to the care of the hostler, snatched the candle out of his hand, and with his saddle-bags under his arm hurried incontinently up stairs to Catalina's apartment.

'Tis an established maxim with your experienced men of gallantry to guard against danger, even where it appears the least likely to ensue. Hence Rodriguez found the door locked against him; and it cost him half a dozen precious thumps, besides double that number of curses, before he could make himself heard.—“Who's there?”—demanded Catalina, half dead with apprehension and alarm.—“'Tis I!”—answered Rodriguez.—“And pray, who is I?”—returned the crafty dame.—“Why I, to be sure!”—was the reply.—“Surely you're drunk, you damned bitch, not to know my voice!”—and thereupon followed a string of oaths and curses, which the reader's imagination, it is hoped, will save us the trouble of repeating.

Hardly could the sound of the last trump at the awful day of judgment have struck greater horror  
into

into the heart of Catalina, than did at this moment the well known voice of her husband. Rocks and mountains, had they been at hand, would doubtless have been called upon to her assistance, to fall upon and hide her from his wrath. But as nothing of the kind offered on the present occasion, the only expedient she could devise was to conceal Don Fernando under the bed. She forgot, however, in the agitation of her mind, to dispose of his mantle, which lay upon the table, where our hero had placed it on his first entrance into the room. Having thus, as she thought, properly adjusted matters, she began to exclaim with a loud voice: "What! and is it you, my precious dear? Blessed be the Virgin Mother of Christ for your safe arrival! But who, my dear, could have expected you so late? Poor soul! How you must have fatigued yourself! However, have a little patience, love; you see I am scarcely awake yet; but I will get out of bed, and open the door for you immediately."

Rodriguez, being just come off a journey, experienced, it is presumed, some of those salutary effects of travelling, of which we have already had occasion to treat in different parts of this work. For no sooner had his wife opened the door, than he fell down with her upon the bed; not altogether, we suppose, for the sake of *sleeping*, as he had not yet begun to disencumber himself of a single article of his own dress. But Catalina, be it known, was *presque nue*, being habited solely *en chemise*—the reader is intreated to pardon us  
for

for giving foreign names to this part of female attire, which has in all ages been so much admired by the gentlemen, that few, if any, can be found among them, that would not at any time prefer it to the most superb and costly dress that Queens or Princesses ever wore on coronation days or birth-nights. Catalina, however, whose desires had been already gratified by a man much better calculated to give satisfaction than her husband, begged to be excused from undergoing the intended ceremony at present; adding, as the motive of her refusal, that she was apprehensive lest her dear spouse might injure his precious health by applying himself directly to business, overheated as he was with hard riding, and the customary fatigues of travelling. "Consider, love!"—she began—"how much you stand in need of rest. We have at present long nights, thank God for all things! for which reason, let me persuade you, my dear, to take first a little sleep by way of recruiting nature, and when you awake, you will have both time and ability to *do the needfuls* with greater vigour and success."

This tender-hearted harangue failed not of its desired effect. Charmed at finding his wife more attentive to his health, than to her own gratifications, Rodriguez lifted himself up from the bed; and his good humour being now in its superlative degree, he resolved, by way of testifying his gratitude to Catalina for her disinterested solicitude about his welfare, to make her a present of some trinkets which he had purchased on the road. For this purpose he began to clear away the dif-

ferent



ferent articles that encumbered the table, designing to place his saddle-bags thereon; when lo! the very first thing he chanced to clap his hands upon, was the mantle of Don Fernando. How often have the most important secrets been discovered in consequence of the most trifling neglect! and such, no doubt, would have been the fate of Catalina's amour with our hero, had not Nature, when she formed that lady of such *combustible* materials, kindly furnished her with an equal portion of ready wit and cunning. Detection, in the present instance, appeared almost inevitable. Rodriguez, lifting up the precious relic, and surveying it attentively on every side, as he turned it round and round again, was just proceeding to cross question his wife on the occasion of its appearance in that place, when the latter, with an admirable degree of assurance, snatching it out of his hands, began to cross her breast and forehead, and to exhibit the liveliest tokens of astonishment and concern:—"Jesus, good God! what a flat am I, to leave an article of such value so publicly exposed! Deuce take this stupid fool's-head of mine! Had any other person besides yourself, my dear, set eyes upon this mantle, I should have paid dear enough for my neglect."

Rodriguez, who knew as little as the man in the moon what to make of all these inuendoes and grimaces, began now to prick up his ears, and with a mixture of anger and surprise demanded an immediate explanation: "A little patience, love, and you shall be made acquainted with

with the whole affair ;"—was the crafty dame's reply—"but first let us assure ourselves that we are not overheard,"—opening the door, and stretching forth her neck as she pronounced these words. Finding the coast clear: "Don't you remember, my dear,"—she continued—"the young gentleman that slept here, about three months ago, in his way to Seville?"—"What gentleman are you speaking of?"—interrupted the husband.—"Why, a young gentleman, my dear, that put up here one night, much about the time that you first began to make love to me. He was dressed, you know, in a blue coat, richly embroidered with gold, and rode a spirited stone-horse, most elegantly caparisoned, with trappings of gold and silver."—"May I be damned,"—interrupted Rodriguez a second time—"if I know a single syllable of all you have just been saying."—"God bless me! my dear,"—replied Catalina—"what a treacherous memory you must have: but come, let me see whether I can't assist you a little. What, now, will you wager with me, that I recal the whole transaction in a trice to your remembrance?"

With these words, unlocking a small trunk that stood near the bedside, she drew forth a purse pretty well stuffed with broad pieces, and shaking it in her husband's face: "Well, my dear, can you remember purloining this from the gentleman's servant as he fell asleep in our kitchen?" "Why, aye, to be sure,"—replied Rodriguez, grinning with inward, heart-felt satisfaction, at the sight of so much treasure—"I think I have some distant recollection of that affair, by the same token

token as you almost smothered me with kisses when I delivered my prize into your hands."

"You must know then," continued Catalina, "that not many days back, during your absence, this self-same gentleman put up at our house a second time, on his return from Seville. Emulous of imitating your example, I watched my opportunity for plunder; and whilst his domestics were busy in carrying up stairs, some one thing, some another, I contrived, without being observed, to lay hold of his mantle, which I immediately secured in a proper place. At night, to be sure, there was a pretty commence. The gentleman called for his mantle; as well might he have called for the moon. It would have done your heart good to have seen how well I carried the matter off:—"I'll be sworn that I left it here," said the servant; "and who the devil can have taken it away?" "And who the devil indeed?" quoth I,—"be assured that whoever did it, has too much wit to own it."

"As good luck would have it, our house happened to swarm that day with guests and travellers of every description: muleteers, jack-afs-drivers, pedlars, gypsies, thief-takers, and a whole troop of tag, rag, and bobtail. The loss of the mantle, therefore, could not possibly throw any slur upon the house or its domestics. My gentleman swore, to be sure, pretty handsomely; but what of that? swearing, I knew, could never recal his mantle; that was mine beyond the power of oaths to deprive me of it: so the devil a straw cared I for all his blustering."

F

"All



"All that was very right, and as it ought to be," interrupted Rodriguez; "but what the devil brings the mantle here, where it is liable to be seen by the domestics?"

Catalina's embarrassment at this unexpected demand, was perhaps little inferior to that of her great-grandmother Eve, when challenged with eating the forbidden fruit. However, like her great-grandmother afore said, she was not long at a loss for an answer.

"Why, my dear," she began, "was ever any body like yourself? You will never leave a body time to finish one's story. To-morrow, you know, is Sunday; and as I always take great pride in seeing you look spruce and neat, I have been brushing up your holiday cloaths, and getting a clean shirt ready for you. For my dreams, these two or three nights past, have foretold that your return would be sudden and unexpected. But as my memory, love, is not so good as your own, I forgot to lock up this mantle, which I took out of my trunk with the rest of your things. And now that you have seen it,"—added the crafty dame, at the same time pretending to weep—"I suppose I shall be none the better for my pains. You'll sell it, so you will; and keep the money yourself, as you have frequently served me already on similar occasions."

Hereupon Rodriguez, bursting into a loud fit of laughter—"By my faith, but such hands as your's were never made to lie idle! God only send your fingers may not one time or other endanger your neck!"—Then displaying the mantle  
on

on every side—"By the Holy Virgin! here's a piece of stuff fit to cover my Lord-Mayor. 'Tis honestly worth fifty shillings, if it be worth a groat. But tell me, does your uncle know any thing of the matter?"—"God forbid!"—replied Catalina—"if he did, he would insist on going halves with us."—"He be hanged first!"—returned Rodriguez;—"I'll take it to Almagro or Saint Croix on Monday; and whatever it sells for, you shall have your share of; take my word for that."

Whilst this virtuous couple were thus debating on the fate of Don Fernando's mantle, its wretched owner was in a situation which he would gladly have given the worth of twenty mantles to be relieved from. Exclusive of the consequences he had to dread from the jealous fury of Rodriguez, in case he should be discovered, he began to grow heartily tired of lying underneath a bedstead, on the bare floor, in a cold night, with no other covering in the world than his shirt. How to escape, he was utterly at a loss to devise; for Rodriguez, locking the door, prepared to undress himself. Catalina, however, who longed for his release from confinement, not less ardently than our captive hero himself, soon gave him reason to confess that a woman's wit is never at a stand. Addressing her husband with a well dissembled look of tenderness: "My dear"—she began—"the journey must certainly have created you an appetite; at any rate it will be very improper for you to go to bed without taking some little refreshment. Below in the kitchen you will find

best part of a bottle of most excellent wine, together with the wing and leg of a partridge."

Rodriguez, whose avarice at any time kept pace with his gluttony, so that it was difficult to ascertain which predominated most, began to fear that his wife had grown extravagant during his absence. Much, therefore, as he longed to fall foul of the aforesaid fragments, he could not refrain from interrogating his wife, whence she had procured such plenty of good cheer?

"From the lady of a gentleman belonging to the Court,"—replied Catalina—"who has done me the honour to put up at my house to night."

"Does the lady sleep alone?"—demanded Rodriguez.

"And wherefore, pray, that question?"—interrupted Catalina peevishly, counterfeiting no small degree of indignation.

"Because, do you see,"—quoth Rodriguez—"I have half a mind to try my fortune with her."

"You try your fortune with the lady!"—rejoined the wife scornfully—"a pretty story, faith!—What, you want a good thrashing, I suppose? For, depend upon it, her servants would break every bone in that carcase of your's, you old cater-wauling lecher, if you dared but to set foot inside of her apartment."

"Gently, gently, good dame,"—quoth Rodriguez—"What, and if I should even find her cuckold of a husband in bed with her, do you  
imagine



imagine that the chicken-hearted poltroon would dare to wag his little finger at me?——But why stand I here, arguing the case, till I am fairly choaked with thirst? Rather let me have a taste of that same delicious wine, which you have been vaunting to me.”

“You may have it for fetching,” — was the reply—“and my advice is, that you be as quick in your motions as possible; or much I doubt, whether our rogue of a hostler will not otherwise be beforehand with you. The son of a gun has a damned liquorish tooth, you know.”

“Has he, by God!” — interrupted Rodriguez—“If ever I catch the scoundrel dipping his whiskers in my wine, the devil a tooth will I leave in that ass’s skull of his; neither his liquorish tooth, nor any one else. Damn me, but I’ll fairly kick the rascal’s guts out!”

Whether Rodriguez, like other great orators, ever made the science of attitudes and gestures his particular study; or whether it was purely the effect of chance; certain it is, that he accompanied the latter part of his speech with such motions of his body, as the most severe of our theatrical critics would pronounce to be perfectly analogous; and stretching out his right leg with no small degree of vehemence, as he pronounced the words, “*I’ll fairly kick,*” &c. — his shoe in the struggle slipped off his foot, and was flung a considerable distance underneath the bed.

What may have been our hero's sensations at this critical moment, we will not attempt to describe; any further, than that we are of opinion no man living, except a condemned criminal ordered for immediate execution, would voluntarily have exchanged situations with him. His fate, literally speaking, hung by a single hair, and nothing short of a miracle seemed capable of saving him from detection, and, in all probability, from immediate destruction. This time, however, he stood indebted for his safety to one of the most trifling circumstances imaginable. Catalina chanced to have taken her stand nearer to the candle than her husband. Insignificant as it may appear, this local advantage proved the means of our hero's salvation.

Rodriguez, after groping some time in vain for his stray shoe, had already stretched forth his hand with intent to lay hold of the candle, when Catalina, foreseeing his design, which, if accomplished, would be attended with inevitable ruin, snatched up the light herself, and rating her husband pretty handsomely for a blind buzzard, and a bungler, with many other the like opprobrious terms, pretended to look for the shoe under the table, where she very well knew there was nothing of the kind to be found. Rodriguez, however, was not in a mood at present for relishing this ill-timed raillery, as he conceived it, and insisted therefore on her delivering the candle into his own hand.

What step, I beg leave to ask the female part of my readers, could Catalina possibly take with  
safety

safety in this extremity? To refuse, must have created suspicion;—to comply, would have been instant detection. "Here, take it, love!"—presenting the candle to her husband, who eagerly stretched forth his hand to receive it; but in the very instant as he thought to secure it in his grasp, the crafty dame took care to fall, as it were by chance, and managed matters with such admirable dexterity, that not only the candle was fairly put out, but having moreover the tinder-box within her reach, she very prudently contrived to scatter some drops of \*\*\*\*\* into it, by which means all possibility of obtaining a light from that quarter was utterly precluded.

Then approaching the bed, whilst her husband stood cursing and swearing at the accident, and almost choaked with rage, she softly groped about with her hand for the shoe. In this attempt her fingers happened to come in contact with the feet of Don Fernando, who mistaking her hand for that of her husband, could scarcely refrain from rushing out incontinently, and stabbing his enemy, as he took her to be, with his dagger; a weapon which he never neglected to carry with him in the pursuit of his amours. Perceiving, however, that the person who had touched him took no notice of the circumstance, his better genius suggested to him to continue quiet: and Catalina soon after succeeded in recovering the cause of all this disturbance and alarm. Bestowing ten thousand curses on the poor unfortunate shoe, she presented it to her husband, who on his side was not a whit behind hand with her in the happy talent and habit



habit of swearing; for he very devoutly wished candle, candlestick, shoe, wife, and all the whole tote of them at the devil.

Emboldened by so many hair-breadth escapes, Catalina now began to carry it over her husband with a high and lofty hand; and as he still continued mouthing curses at a very round rate, on account of his being obliged to undress himself in the dark, she very contemptuously asked him what he meant by giving himself so many airs; and, "damn me"—added she,—“if I believe you have heart enough to venture down stairs by yourself, and light your candle at the kitchen fire.”

CHAP.

Meta  
—  
per  
Cel

scat qu  
define  
at a gr  
of evi  
be bro  
talk w  
form.  
philoso  
with a  
skilled  
lity,—  
sex; th  
can pre  
work up  
talina r  
sufficien  
had her  
which f  
retful

## CHAP. VI.

Metaphysical discussion concerning the *je ne scai quoi*—The ladies' panegyrist—Lucky escape—Double perplexity—Adventure with the *liquorish tooth*—Celebrated aphorism of Galenus—Morality.

THERE is in human nature a certain *je ne scai quoi*,—for I am not metaphysician enough to define it,—which renders us apt at times to *strain at a gnat and swallow a camel*. Examples, by way of evidence, in support of this hypothesis, might be brought forward in abundance; but this is a task we leave to the reader's own ingenuity to perform. Now it is a common observation amongst philosophers, that the ladies are not only endowed with a greater proportion, but are likewise better skilled in the management of this whimsical quality,—the *je ne scai quoi* I mean,—than the male sex; that is to say, they understand better than we can pretend to do, the mode and manner how to work upon and call it into action. Hence, when Catalina reproached her husband as not having heart sufficient to light a candle at the kitchen-fire, she had her eye incontestibly upon his *je ne scai quoi*, which she well knew was then in a very fore and restless condition. The blow was well aimed,  
and

and Rodriguez felt it in its full force ; for bristling up not unlike a hedgehog, or a cat, when you stroke her back against the grain during a thunder-storm, he damned his wife for a provoking hussy, or rather for something worse.—“ You shall soon see,” quoth he, “ whether I dare to light a candle or not !”—and away he hurried down stairs.

The moment his back was turned, our captive hero began to meditate his escape. Catalina had no need to intreat him to withdraw ; for out he rushed from her apartment with far greater haste and precipitancy than he had entered it. Covered with dirt, feathers, and every species of nastiness and filth ; and not choosing to present himself before his wife in that *engaging* figure, he very prudently directed his steps to the room where his valet de chambre was quartered. Valerio was just under the pleasing influence of a gentle slumber, in which Fancy recalled the scene that had been acted between him and his mistress, at the time Don Fernando knocked at the door. He awoke at the sound, and instantly recognizing the well-known voice of his master, who loudly demanded entrance, his fears naturally suggested to him, that Donna Maria must have unwittingly betrayed the whole adventure to her husband : for a visit from his master at such an unseasonable hour could not, he was persuaded, have any other object in view, than vengeance on the presumptuous offender that had dishonoured his master’s bed. An involuntary sweat, cold as the awful forerunner of dissolution, instantly bedewed his whole frame

mean



means of defence he had none: the only hope therefore left him, of escaping the jealous fury of an incensed and injured husband, was to make his retreat through the window. But even this chance of deliverance he found unfortunately shut against him. Bars, strong as iron and the blacksmith's art could make them, and which the strength of a Sampson or a Hercules would have been puzzled to dislodge, effectually precluded all possibility of flight.

Meanwhile, Don Fernando still kept thundering at the door, and with tremendous oaths and curses, calling upon Valerio by name, peremptorily insisted on being instantly admitted. Hemmed in on every side, the poor wretch saw himself reluctantly obliged to comply, though we scruple not to affirm, that he would full as soon have opened the door to the most savage Hyrcanian tyger.

The strange figure which his master cut, added to his own agitation of mind, had such an effect upon Valerio, that he was ready to die with fear; and, falling down upon his knees the moment Don Fernando entered the room, recommended his soul with many groans and pious ejaculations to the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Happy was it for the page, that Don Fernando's thoughts were, if possible, still less at ease than his own, otherwise the consequences of this devotional farce might have proved rather tragical. But, as matters then stood, Valerio found it no difficult task to persuade his master, that his surprize at beholding him in such a sad plight and pickle, had struck so great a damp upon his spirits, that he feared it would be a long time before he should  
thoroughly

thoroughly get the better of it. Don Fernando said several kind things to comfort him ; and, after exacting from him a promise of inviolable secrecy, proceeded to acquaint him with the inauspicious issue of his intrigue. The page testified great uneasiness at the danger and inconvenience which his master had encountered : made a fire with all possible dispatch : clean linen, soap, and water were produced in an instant ; and our hero having spruced himself up a little, retired soon after to his own apartment, where he sneaked into bed as quietly as a child, still smarting from the rod, for fear of disturbing his wife. Here then we will leave him for the present, and return to Rodriguez.

That worthy gentleman, ignorant of what was transacting above stairs, was busily employed in puffing and blowing the last sparks of the kitchen-fire below, in order to obtain a light ; the tinder-box being, as already related in the foregoing chapter, too deeply deluged by his wife's \*\*\*\*\*  
 \*\*\*\*\* for him to have any hopes from that quarter. This operation being at length happily achieved, though not without a full half-hour's fatigue, Rodriguez hastened to the pantry in quest of the delicious wine and partridge, for which his chops had not ceased to water from the first moment he heard mention made thereof. But where shall I find words in all the languages that have ever been coined since the building of Babel, to express his surprise, fury, and indignation, at finding the bottle empty, and nothing left of the partridge but the bare bones? A disappointed epicure

is, perhaps, one of the maddest beings in the creation! Rodriguez instantly recollecting the suspicions which his wife had thrown out against the ostler, lays hold of the handle of a birch-broom, and, fully bent on vengeance, hurries to the garret where this unfortunate lad was wont to sleep. Approaching the bed with the silent tread of a midnight murderer, he began without much preface to shower down blows upon his hapless carcase, as thick as hail. The fury depicted in his countenance, added to the natural deformity of his visage, might well cause the poor wretch to mistake him for the Devil in *propria persona*. And conscience, at the same time, reproaching him with having lately robbed the pot-wench of her maiden treasure, he could imagine no other than that Lucifer himself was come piping hot from Hell to carry him off. Invoking, therefore, all the saints in Paradise to his assistance, who unfortunately happened to be too far off to hear him, he made but one spring from the bed to the door, and took to his heels as swift as ever his said heels would carry him. Rodriguez, however, spurred on to revenge by the cravings of a disappointed stomach, easily kept pace with him, and whilst he continued to belabour the poor fellow's back and shoulders, would every now and then exclaim: "What, and so you found it a nice, delicious tit bit, Master Slobberchops!—fine and tender, I warrant—But I'll spoil your digestion, believe me! That liquorish tooth of your's shall never lay hold of another."

G

All



All these expressions were very naturally applied by the ostler to his late affair with the pot-wench; for as to the crime for which Rodriguez inflicted this severe punishment upon him he was perfectly innocent, Catalina herself being the person who had devoured both the partridge and the wine. If therefore he was at no loss to comprehend what the supposed Devil meant by his delicious *tit bit*, he was still less perplexed in solving the allegory of the *liquorish tooth*, and finding himself but little inclined to part with so valuable a member, though he could not but admire the Devil's modesty in giving it so chaste a name, he manfully resolved to make one bold push in its defence. Rodriguez had by this time driven him to the farther end of the gallery that overlooked the court; the height was not much above fifteen feet, but had it been as many hundred, what man, I beg leave to ask, would have hesitated a moment to drop it in defence of his *tarriwags*? "*Sunt enim testes bene vivendi principium*," writes Galenus. Our ostler therefore made a sudden spring, just as Rodriguez with uplifted arm was preparing to give him a precious wipe across the buttocks, by which he cleared the railing of the gallery, and happily alighting upon his feet, ran straitway to the stable, where he crept in amongst the straw, panting like the timorous hare that has just escaped the furious pursuit of the huntsman.

Rodriguez, disappointed of his revenge by this manœuvre, returned vexed and discontented to his wife, to whom, after expatiating on the greatness of his loss, he made known the punishment  
he

CUCKOLDOM.

he had in part inflicted on the offender. Catalina found his conduct highly meritorious : thieves, she observed, ought to be punished severely, especially when they stole such trifles, that being a plain proof that they stole merely for the sake of stealing ; and speaking of the beating which the poor devil had received, she very pertinently remarked, that he richly deserved ten times more ; not so much, she said, on account of the value of the thing, as the want of principle, which it evinced. Our virtuous couple then renewed their wonted embraces, and peace and quietness were once more restored to the whole house.

## THE ART OF

### CHAP. VII.

Late hours—The token—Fresh instance of Valerio's discretion—Donna Maria goes to hear mass.

SOON as Aurora, with her rosy fingers, (to speak in the language of Homer) had unbarred the crystal gates of light, and flaming from his watery bed emerged the golden God of day—in plain English, as soon as it began to dawn, which at that season of the year must have been about four o'clock in the morning—the servants of Fernando prepared for their departure from Viso, agreeable to the orders they had received the foregoing night. But when Camilla went to call her mistress, finding the curtains of the bed close drawn, and the awful silence of the bed-chamber interrupted solely by the snoring of Fernando, she judged it imprudent to disturb his repose at present, and accordingly withdrew as softly as possible. Donna Maria, however, not having undergone such hardships and fatigues, both of body and of mind, as her husband had experienced during his concealment under the bedstead in Catalina's apartment, stood naturally in less need of sleep, which the poet aptly calls the "*Grand Restorative of Nature!*" She lay therefore



fore only dosing in a kind of inactive slumber, from which she was easily roused by the noise which the opening and shutting of the bed-room door, in spite of Camilla's utmost precaution, occasioned.

It is a practice with many men, and from what follows, I should suppose it to be customary with the ladies likewise, to rub their eyes, and scratch their heads, and pick their ears, and gape and yawn, with many other odd preparatory motions and grimaces, when first they awake, and are about to leave the downy couch. The reason of all this may very probably be met with in Aristotle, or in some other writer on the subject of Natural History, in whose works, therefore, the reader is kindly requested to look for it.—Donna Maria was acting in strict conformity to this laudable example, when happening to direct her fingers behind her left ear, in pursuit of a certain enemy that seemed to thirst after her blood, she discovered that one of her drops was missing. This circumstance at once recalled to her remembrance the past transactions of the night, which otherwise she might, perhaps, have considered as little more than a dream. She arose immediately, and without awaking her husband, gave Camilla a call to come and help her to dress.

The loss of the ear-ring naturally became an object of enquiry, whilst the important business of the toilet was going forward. Donna Maria with truly admirable presence of mind counterfeited a well dissembled surprise, and desired to know whether

Valerio had not delivered it to the *femme de chambre*, as he had been ordered to do? "No indeed, Madam," was the reply; "I have neither seen nor heard any thing about it." "That's very extraordinary indeed!" quoth Donna Maria; "I let it fall last night as I was going up stairs, and fearing that it might have received some damage, for my foot chanced to tread upon it, I desired Valerio to examine it, and carry it to you, in case he found it unhurt."—"It must have slipped his memory, Madam," replied the *femme de chambre*—for the reader must know that Valerio ranked high in the good graces of that lady—"Nothing in the world more likely," interrupted Donna Maria; "indeed it fairly slipped my own: but run immediately, Camilla, and ask him for it."

Valerio, who, in more than one sense of the word, might justly be stiled a lad of uncommon parts, easily dived into the true meaning of this message from Donna Maria; wherefore, desiring Camilla to make a handsome apology to his lady for the neglect he had been guilty of, he delivered the ear-ring into her hands, not forgetting at the same time to swear and curse pretty decently at his own stupidity and want of thought. Donna Maria was so charmed with this fresh instance of discretion in her young Adonis, that she could scarcely refrain from betraying what passed in her soul, by launching forth unseasonably in his praise before her maid. But the presence of Don Fernando, who fortunately happened to awake just at this critical moment, laid a proper restraint upon her conduct.

Our

Our hero seeing the preparations that were making for their departure, desired that his former orders might be countermanded, as he wished not to travel further till after dinner. "You are not ill, I hope?"—enquired his wife, with a look in which the utmost anxiety for his welfare was depicted. "Nothing to signify," was the reply—"any further than a most confounded head-ach, which a few hours sleep, I trust, will totally remove."—"Well then, my dear, try what a little rest will do," quoth Donna Maria—"meanwhile, I will go to church with my attendants and hear mass. Thus you will have no one to disturb you."



## CHAP. VIII.

Religious reflections, with a short digression on the policy of confession and absolution—Donna Maria meets with a fresh adventure on her return from church—The Author's apology to the ladies for sins of omission—Infallible cure for the head-ach—Perfect understanding between all parties.

IT has often been a matter of no small surprize with me, that the less religion many people have, the greater seems to be the pleasure they take in a constant attendance upon church duties. Whether this proceeds from a diabolical system of hypocrisy, or rather from \*\*\*\*\*  
 \*\*\*\*\*\*, I am at a loss to determine; though certainly it must be owned, that persons of an amorous disposition may well experience raptures not altogether *spiritual*, in rehearsing the luscious hymns, or rather let me call them *Love Songs*, which under the mask of devotion are chaunted to the Blessed Virgin. "*Pretiosa cæli rosa*," "*Beatus, qui te aspicit! Eja Virgo, fons amoris!*" with some hundred more of the like precious anointed passages, have, I am firmly of opinion, been frequently addressed to objects in a congregation

gation not quite so many miles distant as the Holy Virgin is supposed to be\*!

When the Holy Man of God has pronounced absolution, and the heavy burden of sin is taken off

\* The justice of the above remarks of my author extends much further than some persons at first sight might be apt to imagine. The Janiticharies of superstition and fanaticism in all ages, from the times of Moses to the present day, have uniformly made it their study and practice to impose upon the weakness of human nature, and by working upon the organs of sense, to pave their way to the heart. That important point once gained, their conquest became certain and complete. A heated imagination seldom fails of its triumph over reason. Hence Moses laid the foundation of a hierarchy more powerful and despotic than the most absolute monarchy: hence the *murderer of Uriah* sung and played himself to be the *man after God's own heart*! and from acting the part of *ghost* and *devil-layer* to Saul, raised himself to the supreme honours of royalty!—Hence the superstitious rites of idolatry, whether among Egyptians, Greeks, or Asiatics; whether among the Indians of North America, the Bonzes of China, or the Angels of Greenland. Hence the preposterous pageantry of the church of Rome;—and hence, lastly, the introduction of love-feasts, of wanton airs, and amorous songs in the chapels of Methodism. Melting expressions of tenderness, distilled from Solomon's *Epithalamium*, or *Song of Songs*; marked under the rotten disguise of religious and brotherly love, and adapted to strains the most light, trifling, and voluptuous that can possibly be conceived,

off one's shoulders, how light and easy does the heart feel! Remorse of conscience no longer preys upon the mind; divine wrath no longer terrifies at a distance; Father Boniface whispers remission of sins in our ears, and straitway we feel ourselves encouraged to take up our bed and walk—to the commission of new. If then a few extraordinary Paternosters, with the customary fee to St. Peter *ob clavium potestatem*, can obtain forgiveness of a murder, or a rape, the devil in hell may pity those mean-spirited wretches for me, who

ceived, form in my humble opinion, if not the primary, at least one grand cause of the wonderful success which Methodism meets with in this country. Love-sick virgins, dying swains, and even doating old age itself, are seen driving in crowds to the different tabernacles of this metropolis, where they are sure to find their passions raised even to madness.—Here it is that religious courtships are made; here the lovers frequently appoint their rendezvous; and I am bold to add, that the Park itself cannot boast a larger list of assignations, nor the Play-house a greater exchange of ogles, of nodded becks, and wreathed smiles. Let but any unprejudiced reader peruse with candour the following lines, which I myself have heard sung, applauded, and admired in a certain chapel not many miles distant from Fetter-lane, and I should wish to ask him whether he still continues to wonder at the eager infatuation with which weak deluded people flock to these assemblies? By consulting Page 105 of the Second Part of the larger Collection of Moravian Hymns, published in London anno 1754, any reader may convince himself that



who stupidly prefer to die in their sins, and be damned!

Thus, when he finds his credit sink,  
And landlord will not trust his brother,  
The toper, still athirst for drink,  
Pays off one score to chalk another.

And such were Donna Maria's sentiments. She was now on her return from church with heart as light as air, or swan-down feather, when she was overtaken, at some distance from the inn, by a gentleman and lady on horseback, followed by four domestics in superb liveries of green and gold. The magnificence of these travellers and their retinue might well excite her curiosity; Donna Maria stooped to take a nearer view of them as they passed, and was not a little struck with the graceful figure of the lady, and the richness of

that the passage quoted has not been forged for this occasion. It runs thus :

The soul, which Love's pure zeal inspired,  
Casts at her bridegroom tender glances !  
Her very inmost pow'rs are fired,  
To meet him swiftly she advances.  
So that in cold indifference  
The foe can't keep us, for our lover  
Sets on us with Love's vehemence,  
And does his beauteous form discover !!!

“ Difficile est Satyram non scribere ! ”

*Note by the Translator.*

her

her dress. But a deep veil, which reached below her shoulders, prevented her from recognizing the features of her face. And here I must call upon the female part of my readers, and intreat their pardon for having omitted to give them a full and circumstantial description of the silks, laces, embroidered stuffs, &c. which the lady wore:—they need, however, only consult the Fairy Tales of Don Arganda, and from thence transfer whatever they find grand, magnificent, and beautiful, to the person of my fair incognita.

By this time the strangers had reached the inn, whither Donna Maria was not slow in following them; and being now within hearing of their discourse, her astonishment was not a little excited, when she heard the gentleman enquire of Catalina, who came out to receive them, whether a certain lady of fashion, (describing our heroine with the utmost exactness) had not put up at that inn the preceding night, on her way to Madrid? Upon being answered in the affirmative, the gentleman continued to observe, that his niece, by which appellation he distinguished his fair companion, having likewise in view to travel to the same city, and being vastly delighted with the high encomiums passed upon that lady at every place through which they had passed, wished greatly to have the pleasure of her company.—Donna Maria, at this instant discovering herself, returned the gentleman many compliments for his politeness; and having now a fair opportunity of regarding the features of the lady, in consequence of her veil being thrown back, she beheld with  
admira-

admiration and surprize an air of majesty blended with the most exquisite beauty, which, whilst it impressed an awe upon spectators, took away nothing from the loveliness of her charms.

After a mutual exchange of compliments between the ladies, by way of welcome, Donna Maria posted to her husband, whom she found in bed, though perfectly awake. The praises which she lavished upon the beauty of the fair incognita quickly dispelled the small remains of head-ach, which Fernando still laboured under. Accordingly he arose in order to dress himself, and willing to conceal from his wife the loss of his mantle, which, if perceived, might have paved the way to certain very disagreeable discoveries, he called for his gayest suit; very gallantly observing, that having always been a great admirer of the fair-sex, he should as little choose to appear in their presence in the rough disguise of a travelling habit, as he would dare to shew himself in such a dress at Court. Nothing, he added, was more common with the ladies, than to form their opinion of the men from first impressions; for which reason he should take great care not to ruin his hopes, by presenting himself *en dishabille* before a lady of such transcendant beauty.

Don Alonso and Donna Pentisilea, his niece, were highly delighted with the company of Fernando and his lady. The band of friendship was, therefore, quickly knit between them; and this the more, as Donna Maria fancied to discover a great resemblance between the features of Pentisilea and those of a certain young gentleman,

H

named



named Don Francisco, with whom she had been deeply in love previous to her marriage with Fernando. But though the interference of friends had prevented their union, the fond remembrance was too deeply rooted in her heart ever to be eradicated or forgotten. She continued therefore gazing with delight ineffable on the fair image of her virgin vows, whilst Don Fernando not less transported on his part, was every moment imbibing large draughts of Love's delicious poison from the blue majestic eyes of Pentifilea.

It was presently agreed to the satisfaction of all parties, that they should travel together the rest of the way, and that they might enjoy each other's company to better advantage, Fernando proposed that Don Alonso and his fair niece should accept a seat in his carriage, to which our courteous strangers willingly assented. The remainder of the day was devoted to the pleasures of reciprocal endearments, and their departure from Viso postponed till the following morning.

## CHAP. IX.

Panegyrick on perpetual celibacy, with a strong invective against wenching, and incontineney; written for the behoof of strolling players, travelling priests, Methodist parsons, Jew pedlars, hawkers, &c. to whom the present Chapter is respectfully inscribed.

THE fire of men and gods having sent Mercury on a certain secret expedition, relating to the bastard of Alcmena, was very much surpris'd to see him return gloomy, vexed, and discontented, with such sourfaced looks, and so miserably out of temper, that he seem'd ready to quarrel with his own father. Hebe attributing his moroseness to his fatigue, immediately presents the rich, celestial goblet; but Mercury insist'd of receiving it from her hands with a low *congee*,—as might reasonably have been expected from a deity so polished and refined,

Qui feros cultus hominum recentum  
Voce formavit catus, et decoræ  
More palestra.

And who, therefore, must have understood the etiquette of high life infinitely better than the most accomplished dancing-master amongst us—rudely pushed back the proffered cordial. Fair

H 2

Hebe

Hebe trembled, and dropt in wild affright the crystal goblet, which instantly shivered into a thousand pieces on the bright marble pavement. All Heaven with horror beheld the black atrocious deed: the merriment of the whole celestial drinking club stagnated in a moment: the broad laugh, that was wont to shake the solid base of Old Olympus, no longer set the table in a roar: and had not Jupiter himself thought proper to interfere,

---

“dread deeds  
Might have ensued, wherewith the starry cope  
Of Heaven, and all the elements had rung.”—

“’Tis a damned life, this travelling *sans intermission*, to all eternity,”—quoth Mercury.

“Have you had bad weather then?”—demanded Jupiter.

“The weather, an’ please your godship, was incomparably fine.”

“What kind of accommodations did you meet with on the road?”

“The very best, indeed.”

“How then? were the roads bad?”

“Never saw better roads in my life; and few of your subjects, as your lordship well knows, trudge half so often backwards and forwards in your service as I do.”

“Did you want for belly timber?”

“No, indeed, an’ please your lordship, the beef and mutton were both excellent, I can assure you, and far superior to your *dry toast ambrosia* and



and *soup meagre*, which you palm upon us in Heaven!"

"Then let me tell you, Hermes, you are positively crazy—damned mad, by God!—Good weather, good accommodation, good roads, good beef and mutton,—what the devil! would you have more? Only look there, how my young brat—that sturdy rogue Hercules I mean—how nobly he braves both wind and weather, and, *indefessus agendo*, runs from one end of the world to the other in quest of fresh perils and adventures. And you to make such a mighty fuss of travelling at your ease, where you are well fed, kindly received, and meet with every possible indulgence! Shame upon your manhood! What the plague would you have said, if you had been sent to traverse the bleak, rude mountains of Arcadia, in pursuit of the savage Erymanthian boar? How would you have liked to stand over head and ears in muck and filth, purging the stables of Augeas?—to have dragged the fierce Nemean lion from his den? or to have waded up to the neck in the Lernaean pool, where the fifty-headed hydra belched forth floods of deadly poison?—not to mention a thousand exploits more, equally formidable and daring! And now you behold him this very moment plunging headlong into the Hellespont, to rescue the fair daughter of Laomedon from the frightful monster that opens wide his furious jaws, impatient to devour."

"Patience, good father,"—interrupted Mercury,—“give or take, as you think proper, the whole catalogue of *goods*; as long as you leave me

in possession of *good company*! Only let me, as well as Hercules, have a tight young wench to tramp about with me, and the next time you catch me complaining of running your errands, may I be doomed to perpetual exile from the blissful seats of Heaven, and the soft, bewitching smiles of Beauty!"

Jupiter nodded assent, and Mercury, we are told, religiously kept his word. So far, indeed, was he from grumbling at the fatigues he afterwards had occasion to encounter, that we find him perfectly satisfied and contented, wandering up and down the mountains of Taygetus, under the assumed form of a ram\*, nibbling grass and herbs, instead of the fat beef and mutton he formerly delighted in; and all this for what?—*good company*!"

For there her favourite ram to ride,  
The chaste Penelope was seen:  
The grateful ram soon got astride,  
And in return would ride the queen!

\* Mercury falling in love with Penelope, who tended her father's sheep on Mount Taygetus, transformed himself into a ram, under which disguise he found means to accomplish his purpose. From this union sprang Pan, whose shaggy beard, horns, and cloven feet, bore sufficient evidence to his legitimacy.

## CHAP. X.

Advantages of travelling in good company—Sympathy, or the Man of Feeling—Clean sheets—Symptoms of a good night's rest—Shifts—Clean straw for the gentlemen.

NOTHING in the world has so strong a tendency to shorten and beguile the tedious delays of travelling as good company, and pleasing conversation. Fernando and Donna Maria were so charmed with their new acquaintance, and these *vice versa* appeared so highly delighted with our hero and his lady, that they could hardly credit their own eyes when they found themselves before the gates of Almagro. A light heart seldom wants a good appetite, and when the relish of a good dinner is further enhanced, as in the present instance, with the charms of good and agreeable company, one no longer wonders that Job should never *eat his morsel alone*.

Our travellers, therefore, found eating and drinking two very comfortable things; and as Almagro, though it cannot pretend to cope with Madrid, and other cities of the first rank in Spain, is, however, far from being unworthy of notice, they spent the remainder of the day in viewing the curiosities of that town, and early the following



ing morning continued their rout to Melangon. Here they again put in practice the noble philanthropy of Job, *not eating their morsel alone*, and then set out for the next stage.

They had not, however, proceeded much farther on their journey, before Donna Penitilea began to complain of a most intolerable head-ach, which furnished our hero with the fairest opportunity imaginable of giving her the most unquestionable proofs of the interest he took in her welfare, without thereby rendering himself liable to censure or suspicion. One moment you might have seen him applying his fingers to her pulse, with a look expressive of the tenderest solicitude and concern: busy the next, in tying a handkerchief round her head; or endeavouring to waft the gentle zephyrs towards her, by exercising the silken texture of her fan: then he would intreat the honour of holding her smelling bottle, and with the most bewitching eloquence insist upon her leaning her head on his shoulder:—in short, every single word and action, had it proceeded solely from motives of sympathy and friendship, would have done honour to the most noble and dignified of human feelings.

Don Alonso finding his niece's indisposition not likely to pass off in a hurry, desired that they might stop at the next village in order to procure some assistance. Carcuella was within musquet shot, but this place the drivers denounced as the most villainous and execrable, with respect to its accommodations, in all Spain.

“ And

“And who, the devil! demanded your opinion of the place?”—exclaimed Fernando in a violent rage—“are we to ask you, pray, when and where to stop?”—The drivers finding him so peremptory, instantly obeyed, and without further reply, drew up before the gates of a miserable hovel, the appearance of which seemed to justify but too well the aversion they had manifested to putting up there.

Pentisilea was immediately handed out of the carriage, but so overcome with illness and fatigue, that she fainted away in our hero's arms. All was uproar and confusion: Don Fernando bawling out for help as loud as ever he could roar, in which he was bravely seconded by all the servants and domestics, none of whom, however, offered to stir an inch; whilst Donna Maria and the lady's uncle filled the air with woeful cries and lamentations. At length, the landlady, seeing what passed, and forming a judgment of the rank and quality of her guests from the splendour of their equipage, ran with a bottle of hartshorn to their assistance; making, at the same time, a very polite offer of her own bed—which, by the bye, was the only one in the whole house—for the lady's accommodation. Pentisilea was accordingly carried thither immediately, where the dexterous application of the hartshorn, but still more the kind caresses of Donna Maria, in whose eyes the resemblance between her new companion and her former lover, Don Francisco, appeared more striking than ever, quickly restored her to the use of her faculties.

Don

Don Alonso and our hero entering the chamber soon after, to make enquiries about the lady's health, were not a little surpris'd to find her perfectly recovered, and in better spirits than ever they had beheld her before. This was an unexpected and unspeakable pleasure for Fernando, whose love to Pentisilea had received no small addition from the anxiety which he felt for her indisposition: so true is it that pity melts the soul to love. Every sigh that escaped her; every groan she uttered, transfixing his heart like a two-edged sword, had made sad havoc in that tender part of his composition, which, it must be remembered, was less able to sustain such violent shocks than the generality of hearts may be, it having been so often wounded, pierced, rent, torn, stabbed, and what not, by the arrows of Love!

It having been unanimously agreed to by the whole company, that nothing in the world would tend more to the perfect re-establishment of Pentisilea's health, than a good night's rest, it was resolved to sup early and retire betimes to bed. For this purpose the landlady was sent for, and desired to put clean sheets upon the beds, but, above all, to take especial care, that they might be perfectly dry and well aired.

"Clean sheets upon the beds!"—repeated the landlady with astonishment—"Why, your honours, I find, are inclined to be merry to-night, or you would never talk of clean sheets and beds in a house which serves merely as a watering-place to travellers. Why, God love your honours, we  
never



never have any person put up here from one year's end to the other. It is now five and twenty years come Christmas, please your honours, that I have kept this inn, and never once in all that time have I had a single bed made in it, except that which I occupy myself."

"Well, but look ye, dame"—interrupted Fernando—"suppose we draw our purse-strings pretty freely, what say you to my proposal of accommodating these ladies with your own bed for one night only?"

"Why, that indeed, as your honour observes"—was the reply,—“is quite another case; and then too, the lady being so very poorly, makes it a Christian action; and as your honour talks of paying handsomely withal, why, to be sure, it is no more than right, and what every good Catholic ought to do: and it only grieves me, that I have it not in my power to accommodate your honours likewise with a bed; but if your honours will please to amuse yourselves as well as you can with good liquor and a game of cards, I will take care to spread clean straw for your honour's servants."

These preliminaries adjusted, the remainder of the evening was devoted to mirth, till supper was announced. What they feasted upon that night, history has unfortunately neglected to record; and as we pay too strict a regard to truth to hazard a single assertion upon bare conjecture, however probable, the reader is intreated to excuse our silence on this interesting subject.

Notwith-

Notwithstanding the whole plan of operations had been previously agreed upon, it cost our gentlemen no small share of trouble, before they could prevail upon the ladies to accept of the beds prepared for their accommodation; so much did the thoughts of leaving their trusty squires in such an uncomfortable situation distress those tender-hearted nymphs. Repeatedly did they offer, and even beg leave, to sit up with and bear them company; but Don Fernando was absolute in his refusal, and after recommending his wife, by way of gallantry, to the care and protection of Pentisilea, observed, with a pleasant laugh, that he had spent many a night under far greater inconvenience, and with much less comfort than he hoped to pass the present.—Bad, indeed, must his memory have been, if the night he spent at Viso had already escaped his recollection!

CHAP. XI.

Panegyrick on love—Fernando's woeful mistake—  
Rise and progress of an amour—The Succeda-  
neum—Cross purposes—Fortune vindicated, a  
digression—Supplement to Ovid's Metamorphoses.

WERE I disposed to write a panegyrick upon  
LOVE—which, by the bye, I have neither abili-  
ties nor leisure to perform—I know of no one  
book whatever, sacred or profane, antient or  
modern, original or non-original, poetic or pro-  
saic, which I should be more tempted to consult,  
quote, pillage, and extract from, than Ovid's  
famous book of Metamorphoses. Here you find,  
in rich abundance, authentic documents of all  
the wonders Love has done: and not to mention a  
thousand other weighty reasons, is it not apparent  
to every reader of the smallest discernment, that  
LOVE forms not only the groundwork, but, with  
a very few exceptions, the whole superstructure  
of this master-piece of human wit and learning?  
Is it not apparent to what a small size the said  
book would be reduced; how contemptible a figure  
it would cut; how dry and uninteresting it would  
appear; in short, what a strange metamorphosis  
this book of Metamorphoses would undergo, if  
I all



## THE ART OF

all those which owed their origin to Love had been omitted, or should be subtracted from the list? Hence it should seem that our colleges and universities, our seminaries and gymnasiums, our professors and students, with one word, literature in general, and every lover of science in particular, stand chiefly indebted to Love, which like a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump, for the pleasure and instruction they receive from this divine book. For can we suppose one single moment, that the fire of men and gods, great Jupiter himself, would otherwise have so far forgotten his dignity, as to lay aside his godhead, and, divesting himself of his celestial pomp and majesty, assume the form of a bull, a cuckow, or a swan, and under these disguises, play such vile, degrading tricks, as to creep up ladies petticoats, ride their backs, and \*\*\*\*\*, with twenty pranks and follies more, equally abominable and ridiculous! In all which, his example appears to have been but too faithfully imitated by the rest of the celestial sanhedrim of worthies!

And happy would it be for the peace of many an aching heart, and give me leave to add, for the smoothness of many a married brow, if none but gods had thought proper to imitate this metamorphosing example of Jove. His Grace the Duke of \*\*\*\*\* would then have entertained no doubts concerning the legitimacy of a stout, robust, and ruddy offspring; no beardless *accoucheur*, in a female disguise, would have laid the *foundation stone* of future aggrandizement and practice: none but the Consistorial Court of  
Doctor's

Doctor's Commons, with its numerous troop of hireling agents and attendants, would have reason to regret; to which I may add myself in the present instance, as my story thereby would have been deprived of its chief embellishment.

When Don Fernando, as related in the preceding chapter, with great gallantry recommended his wife to the guardianship of Donna Pentisilea, he imagined, and most of our readers, it is apprehended, imagined the same, that he was selecting a bedfellow for his wife from the feminine gender of the human species. There is, therefore, considering our hero's well-known character for intrigue, little room to doubt, that had his body been furnished, agreeable to the advice of Momus, with a window on the left side, to discover the secret wishes of his heart, a strong desire to exchange situations with his wife would have plainly manifested itself. So entirely, indeed, were his thoughts engrossed with devising the most feasible method of putting this virtuous design into speedy execution, that we question not but he must inevitably have succeeded, had not Cupid, or rather Fate itself, thrown great and insurmountable difficulties in his way.

The reader will please to remember, that we have more than once had occasion to enlarge upon the striking resemblance which Pentisilea bore to a certain gentleman of the name of Don Francisco, with whom Donna Maria had, it seems, formerly carried on a love intrigue. Personal merit and accomplishments are, in the opinion of most judges, but a sorry equivalent for the lack of rank and fortune: Don Francisco was the only

son of a rich and powerful Duke; Maria's parents were likewise noble, but vastly inferior, both with respect to title and possessions; no wonder then that the friends of the former should interpose their *veto* to the future union of the parties. Love, however, though generally represented as blind, may at any time fairly bid defiance to Argus with his hundred eyes, and were they all at once upon the look-out.

Don Francisco being too deeply enamoured with Donna Maria to relinquish the pursuit, in compliance with parental authority, had recourse to every subterfuge which Love, and a fertile invention could devise. The cathedral church of Osmus, where they had first beheld each other, and through the medium of the eyes imbibed the passion that mutually pervaded their souls, still continued to furnish them with frequent opportunities of exchanging reciprocal vows of eternal constancy and truth: and whenever the hymn to the Blessed Virgin was rehearsed, any unprejudiced beholder, without pretending to extraordinary skill in divination, might easily discover that

“ Virgo, virginum præclara,

“ Fac mihi ne sis amara \*!”

would apply with great propriety to certain other persons besides the Virgin Mother of Christ.

Under these circumstances, opposition only serves to render the flame of love more fierce and ungovernable. Our innamoratos finding so many

\* O virgin, fairest of the virgin-train!

Let me one kind, propitious smile obtain!

obstacles



obstacles thrown in the way of their legal union, soon anticipated the sweets which rigour and caprice withheld. After giving his mistress a solemn, positive promise of marriage, under the most binding oaths and asseverations, Don Francisco revelled awhile in all the luxury of unsatiated enjoyment. Envious Fate, however, with rude, relentless hand, soon dashed the honied nectar from his lips. A tender *billet doux*, from Donna Maria, happening to be intercepted by Don Francisco's tutor, paved the way to a complete discovery; which that worthy gentleman, in hopes of strengthening his interest with his patron, took care to communicate without delay, and with a proper *quantum* of aggravation and addition, to the irritated father. That father being, as already mentioned, a Duke, and withal exceeding haughty and untractable, could ill brook the prospect of seeing his son allied to the daughter of a Nobleman so much his inferior in point of wealth and title. To prevent, therefore, such irreparable disgrace, Don Francisco was immediately taken from college; and as absence has been frequently found a very convenient cure for love-sick nymphs and dying swains, it was further judged expedient to send him into Flanders.

Deeply afflicted with the loss of her lover, Donna Maria took his departure so much to heart, that her life was a long time in imminent danger. Scandal, which like Fame,

“*Mobilitate viget, virefque acquirit eundo,*”  
could hardly be expected to lie idle on the present  
I 3 occasion:

occasion: her intrigue with Don Francisco was accordingly whispered about from one circle to the other, till it became at length the common talk of the whole town. Her father, therefore, very prudently resolved to remove from a place where he found the honour of his family exposed to continual danger. Ubeda was the town he fixed upon for his future residence; where his daughter having the good fortune to escape proving with child, time and change of place quickly restored her to her wonted health and loveliness: her fortune, not long after, received a great and unexpected addition, by the sudden decease of a maiden aunt; and her disgrace being wholly unknown in Ubeda, Don Pedro soon met with a favourable opportunity of passing her off, as a virgin pure and undefiled, to Don Fernando.

And here should curiosity prompt any of my readers to enquire how Donna Maria managed on the wedding-night, with respect to that inestimable jewel which husbands generally expect to find before they join in the joyful cry of "*Consummatus est*;"—that jewel, which we are told can neither be won nor lost the second time—"quod nec Deus ipse suscitare post ruinam potest"—as St. Jerome expresses himself—I must beg leave to ask them, in return, whether they have never read nor heard of that celebrated succedaneum, the *adstringens perfectum*, or *vinâigre de virginite*, which, by a metamorphosis superior to any recorded by Ovid, can with one day's rubbing transtorm the most abandoned

Messia.

Messalina\* into the chastest Nun in Christendom? And where the friends of the lady take care to second her views, by drinking the bridegroom fairly out of his seven senses, the process is attended with no manner of difficulty whatever †.

Meanwhile Don Francisco, ignorant of the removal of his mistress from Olmus, and still more ignorant of her marriage with Fernando, burned with fierce, ungovernable desire, which two years absence proved incapable of diminishing. For though it cannot be supposed, that a young gentleman of Francisco's age and complexion should abandon himself to fruitless, unavailing sorrow and despondency, or spend two

\* Sit licet alternis ineundo atque exeundo pudendum portâ patentius factum, quam mœnia Dardanidum, quum scanderet *fatalis machina* muros, campos tamen, ubi *Troja fuit*, ad redimendam virginitatis speciem, balneis aluminosis et succis constringentibus coangustare laborant. Sed si inspicerentur, ubi gallinas aperimus, proh dolor! quantus hiatus in manuscriptis!

† Minus subtili, haud spernendâ tamen fallaciâ, sponsa quædam rustica, quæ jam in sinu Divi Furtini virginitatis suæ prætextam deposuerât, usa est. Nam cum sponsus bene potus tensis venis (velis inquam) in Hollandiam nocturna navigatione ferretur; ipsa folium brassicæ inguini coarctando instar subtegminis applicuit. Hoc itaque tandem disrupto, cum bonus ille Cornutus iter suum confecisset, ex languore in altum somnum datus est. Cui mane expergefacto, folio adhuc clavo inhærente, sponsa inclamavit: "Hem, Jane mi, ubi tam summo mane *"olera legisti?"*

long,



long, tedious years, in repeating his griefs to the rocks, the forests, and the mountains, like Orpheus, when he mourned the loss of his Eurydice—

“ Whilſt with the morn his plaintive lays begun,  
And ſtill his voice ſung down the ſetting ſun :”

much leſs, that for ſuch a woeful length of time,

“ No thoughts of pleaſure ſhould his ſoul inflame,  
Averſe to Venus, and the Cyprian game !”

yet ſtill, in ſpite of every freſh attachment, Maria retained her empire over his heart; having taken ſuch faſt hold of his affections, that he found it utterly impoſſible to ſhake her off. We may, therefore, ſafely venture to affirm, that the news he now received of the death of his father, gave him little ſorrow or uneaſineſs—the ſaid news being accompanied with poſitive injunctions to return immediately to Oſmus.

When a traveller is ſpurred on by two ſuch powerful incentives, as love on the one hand, and the proſpect of ſucceeding to a large eſtate on the other, we eaſily give him credit for avoiding all unneceſſary delays; of which Francisco, in the preſent inſtance, furniſhed the moſt ſtriking proof; travelling day and night, without intermiſſion, till he reached the place of his deſtination. He found, however, on his arrival at Oſmus, the well known adage—“ *More haſte, worſe ſpeed*”—but too literally verified; for the very firſt intelligence he received, brought him the unwelcome news,  
that

that his mistress, whom he expected to meet, was married, and had removed to Ubeda. To lose, almost in one and the same instant, a parent, and a beloved mistress, might well overcome the stoutest heart. Poor Francisco was so sensibly afflicted with this double calamity, that he actually shed tears over his father's grave, and for three whole days kept his room, through grief and despondency.

Fortunately for Don Francisco he had early formed an acquaintance with one of those accommodating geniuses, who being possessed of more wit than money, are ever ready to employ their talents in the service of young men of fashion, by a kind of friendly contract or partnership account; in virtue of which, each of the respective parties is bound to aid and assist the other, as occasion shall require, with that particular commodity in which they severally abound: a mode of dealing, from which society at large has never failed to reap great and signal advantages. And here, if time would but permit, I might embrace a most excellent opportunity of vindicating my good friend and patroness, madam Fortune, from the many vile aspersions, which, from time immemorial, have been thrown out against her, by a certain cynical, grumbling, discontented race of mortals, who, with equal assurance and injustice, stile themselves moralizers, critics, and philosophers.

What, in the name of Fortune, do those wretches mean, by the hourly invectives and abuse they vomit forth against that heavenborn goddess,  
and

and the base, disgraceful epithets, with which they brand her? How dare they call a goddess *blind*, *partial*, and *perverse*, whom the uniform experience of mankind, in all countries and all ages, has proved to be the very reverse? For my part, after duly and maturely weighing the case, both *pro* and *con*, I will be bold to affirm, that there is not, among all the gods and goddesses that preside over, and have the management of human affairs, a Deity more *sharp-sighted*, more *disinterested* and *just*, than Fortune. For whoever will take the trouble to examine her dealings with mankind, will easily discover, that she constantly observes the strictest impartiality in her dispensations; never lavishing her favours exclusively upon one individual, but rather, like a prudent œconomist, distributing her favours in equal proportions among all her numerous votaries and dependants. Thus she dispenses power and riches to the one; sense and understanding, to make a proper use thereof, to another. On a third she will bestow a crown; whilst the head and shoulders, adequate to support its weight, shall become the portion of a fourth;—a conduct, which even her adversaries must acknowledge is highly judicious and meritorious; being admirably calculated to promote that reciprocal interchange of talents, commodities, and good-will, which forms the strongest bond of civil society, and is at once the source and object of commerce in all its various branches. And hence, in fact, originate those scandalous complaints against her sage administration; it being the special aim and wish of Fortune to dispose of  
her



her favours by *retail*, whilst those rebellious malcontents, in common with the rest of mankind, are madly striving to deal with her by *wholesale*.

To return, however, from this important digression to our history—of which we had nearly lost sight—it was Don Francisco's good fortune to form an acquaintance with a certain self-dubbed gentleman, or 'squire, named Alonso, to whom the fate-dispensing goddess, in compensation for a woeful lack of golden wealth, had bequeathed a large share of cunning, with a masterly talent for intrigue; to which he further joined all the obsequiousness of the fawning spaniel. This trusty 'squire, who, on several former occasions, had proved very serviceable in starting game for his noble patron, easily prevailed upon Francisco to exchange his dull despondency for an active pursuit of his mistress. The advice was no sooner given, than put in execution, and off our gallant adventurers set for Ubeda, travelling as fast as good horses and good roads would carry them. Their success, however, was by no means equal to their expectation; cruel Fate, frustrating the plots of Love, had again prepared a galling disappointment for them. Arriving in Ubeda about five o'clock in the evening, the first intelligence they received, on making the necessary enquiries, gave them to understand that Donna Maria, the sole object of their journey, had set off at five that very morning for Madrid, in company with her husband.

In a frame of mind little short of positive distraction, Don Fernando began to curse his adverse  
stars,

stars, most devoutly taxing the gods with cruelty and injustice, for not better seconding his virtuous intentions. If then the gods themselves could not escape the fury of his invectives, need we wonder that Alonso came in for a pretty handsome share of censure and reproach? Alonso, however, like an old experienced pimp, bore the perverseness of his patron with wonderful patience and good humour, nor ventured to remonstrate till he found the storm beginning to abate. Then dexterously renewing his attack upon Francisco's weak side, it proved no difficult task to engage that young Nobleman in a fresh pursuit of the fair runaway; in conducting which, Alonso was appointed sole manager and director.

As Alonso's hopes of future promotion depended in a great measure upon the happy issue of this intrigue, he planned his schemes with a degree of prudence that would have done credit to more laudable purposes. Delay, he well knew, often serves to frustrate the wisest counsels, as many an able statesman to his sorrow can testify. Not a moment, therefore, was lost in unnecessary tergiversation; and Don Francisco, who, the preceding morning, might have been mistaken by Phoebus for young Hyacinth himself, appeared now, with the return of day, like a second Daphne, before she began to branch out into the olive tree. One of his attendants, whose beardless chin best favoured the intended disguise, underwent the same female metamorphosis, with orders to act as *femme de chambre* to her new mistress. Proper instructions were then given to the rest of the domestics

domestics to pay their chief attention to Alonso, who appeared in the character of uncle to Pen-tifilea, the name which Don Francisco now assumed. These preliminaries adjusted, our gallant troop clapped spurs to their horses, and pursuing the rout which Fernando and his family had taken, happily came up with them at Viso, as already related.



## CHAP. XII.

The point of controversy, or Cuckoldom versus Fornication—Logic—Opinion of the twelve judges—Amorous preamble—Theory reduced to practice—Cart and tierce—Parrying of the *home-thrust*!

IT seems to be a moot point with philosophers, which of the two boasts the greater claim to antiquity—Cuckoldom or simple Fornication. The Rabbins, indeed, pronounce decidedly in favour of the former; and, in support of their doctrine, alledge the well-known story of Eve, who, they contend, made a cuckold of our common grandfather the moment she had tasted the forbidden fruit. Nay, some there are who affect to understand this Mosaic tradition *allegorically*, and maintain that the tree, for which Eve lusted so unwarrantably, is not only still in being, but continues in equal repute among the ladies as it was then; especially in those countries, where it is supposed to flourish in superior perfection; as, for example, in Ireland. Otherwise, if it were to be had only in Paradise, the flaming swords of fifty cherubims would never, they say, be sufficient to guard it; and the poor unfortunate tree would be hourly exposed to greater dangers, and  
much

much fiercer attacks from Amazonian plunderers, than the golden apples which the hundred-headed Ladon kept watch over in the gardens of Hesperia.

Taking it, therefore, for granted, upon the authority of the Rabbins, that cuckoldom, with respect to its antiquity at least, has a certain and acknowledged superiority over plain fornication, we shall, in the next place, endeavour to investigate the reasons why it is supposed to be productive likewise of superior pleasure and enjoyment. If the value of a thing, in many cases, depends more upon the difficulty in procuring it, than on its own intrinsic worth; and if the dangers which are previously encountered, are allowed to give additional relish to the subsequent repast, we may venture to set down the progressive stages of adultery, in which every passion is successively called forth into action, and a perpetual warfare sustained between hopes and fears, jealousy and love, joy and remorse, &c. with all the numerous train of perils and dangers that first and last accompany it, till the eventful chapter of accidents is perfectly complete;—we may venture, I say, to set down all this as one grand reason why the seduction of a married woman appears so enviable a blessing, when happily accomplished.

Another reason equally powerful, or perhaps, still more so, arises from the conscious triumph, which must elate the breast of every successful champion in the Cyprian service; when, after victory obtained, he casts his eyes around the

K 2

bloody

bloody field, and proudly eminent beholds the prostrate foe. 'Tis then, that from comparison he learns to know his own strength; 'tis then he glories in his well-fought conquest; a conquest due not to the weakness of youth and inexperience, or to the insatiable rapacity of avarice, as is the case in fornication, but to his own superior might and prowess. In one word, he beholds himself preferred by a woman, whose rank as *matron*, renders her a judge of *matters*; and who, we should suppose, would not apply to the extraneous resources of foreign charity, if her husband's means were adequate to the demand. But "*she doated—writes Ezekiel, chap. xxiii. v. 20.—upon paramours, whose flesh is as the flesh of asses, and whose issue is as the issue of horses!*" and by her compliance she proclaims my gallant adventurer the *ecce homo*, endowed with such incomparable qualifications.

And though the action and operation *per se* may probably be somewhat similar in both cases—"*quippe quod rem in re habentibus nulla est discrepantia*" Lemn. l. 3. de occult—yet when we consider that of fornication, there are two distinct classes; the one, which is by far the most numerous, having for its sole object, on part of the woman, the sacred love of gain, we certainly must give the preference to that adulterous connexion, where both parties are inspired by the same passion, and act from the same principle. In the former, little or no interchange of benevolence is to be expected; whereas the latter, deriving its origin from a mutual love and liking



liking between the parties concerned, cannot fail of being productive of pleasure, as far superior to the meretricious embraces of a harlot, as the love of the sex is superior to the sordid passion for gold.—The second class of fornication, indeed, where pleasure constitutes alike the common object of both parties, might perhaps dispute the palm with cuckoldom itself, provided these cases did but occur a little more frequently, so as to form a precedent \*. But in the present state of things, where maidenheads are seldom suffered to attain their proper growth, so that whoever has the good luck to clap his hands upon one, may literally exclaim with the Roman poet :

“ *Rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno !*”

we can only say with the grammarians ; “ *Nulla regula sine exceptione.*”

Again, whoever will take the trouble to reflect on this latter species of fornication, and the lamentable consequences which almost constantly attend the first seduction of a virgin from the path of innocence and rectitude, must have a heart harder than the nethermost millstone,

“ *Illi robur et aes triplex  
Circa pectus*”—

\* *Phænomena non adversantur naturæ legibus.*  
Atque jura de raro istis contingentibus non constituuntur, quia hirundo una non facit ver. Wesemb.  
ad. L. Corneliam.

if he can take delight in plunging a weak, unguarded female, whose only crime is too great a regard for the author of her calamities, into such a depth of misery and wretchedness. With a married woman, on the other hand, the case is by no means so desperate and deplorable; for, provided the parties have but prudence and discretion to manage matters with common decency, a slice of a *cut* loaf will not easily be missed.

These, and twenty reasons more, which we have not time to recapitulate at present, as we hasten now to facts, which it is hoped, will serve to strengthen our hypothesis more than argument, rendered Don Francisco so eager to commence cuckold-maker, that neither danger, trouble, nor expence were able to deter him from the undertaking. We have already seen the difficulties he had to encounter, the disappointments he met with, and the stratagems he made use of to retrieve his lost hopes: it is time therefore for us to turn our eyes to the success which ultimately crowned his labours.

Strong as was the flame—to speak in the language of poetry—which preyed upon his vitals, and powerfully as the salutary effects of travelling may be supposed to have operated upon the more irritable parts of his organic system; he did not commence the amorous attack the moment he found himself in bed with his long-lost mistress. St. John, indeed, tells us, that *love casteth out fear*; but this, we presume, is not to be understood of the carnal passion, which animated Francisco; it being certain, that the dread of opposition from  
Donna

Donna Maria caused him to take a thousand roundabout methods of discovering himself. And here were I disposed to imitate the example of a great number of my brother novelists, who, at least, in their writings, seem to have totally lost sight of delicacy, I might take this opportunity of painting such a luscious scene, as would cause the chops of a Carmelite Friar to water. I might, for instance, give you a description, enriched with a thousand pretty similes, how he interwove his arms and legs with those of his mistress, like the clasping ivy, that twines itself around the vigorous oak: how he lavished kisses and caresses upon her alabaster neck and snowy breasts, like turtles, when they first select their feathered mates: how his wanton fingers wandered *ad libitum*, over certain nameless parts and graces, which the reader's own imagination can probably divine without my assistance: in short, how he took care to raise her passions high, and thereby put resistance out of her power, before he manifested himself in all his glory; mindful of the fate of Semele, whom Jove destroyed by too sudden a display of his divinity.

A certain ancient poet, who appears to have been an excellent connoisseur in these matters—I think it is Ovid—informs us, that Vertumnus falling desperately in love with Pomona—this goddess, by the bye, was renowned all over the country for her fine flavoured apples and pears; for which reason some have been led to suspect, that the passion of Vertumnus bordered rather upon that sort of affection to which we have given the



the honourable apellation of *cupboard love*—after making experiment of a thousand different metamorphoses and disguises, in which he possessed uncommon address, found at last none better suited to his purpose than a temporary transformation of himself into the feminine gender. Under favour of this disguise having gained access to the person of his mistress, and done what in him lay to work upon the feelings of the goddess, he at length manifests himself in his true, original character and shape; and finding every thing favourable for his design,

*"Vimque parat, sed vi non est opus,"* &c.

Force he prepares, and full before her eyes  
Displays a weapon of prodigious size!

but little need was there of force, proceeds the poet; wherefore, meeting with no opposition, he sheaths his sword, and sings his proud; triumphal song: "*Veni, Vidi, Vici!*"

In like manner, Francisco, after flourishing awhile his weapon by way of challenge, and finding no resistance from his partner, returned his formidable blade into the scabbard, and in the clasping arms of Donna Maria enjoyed the rich rewards of all his past toils, his heroic enterprize, and manly perseverance. Not Alexander, when he entered the brazen gates of Babylon; not Cæsar, when his triumphal chariot wheels for nine successive days rolled through the streets of proud imperial Rome; not all the heroes, ancient or modern,

modern, upon record, ever felt themselves so elated with conscious pride and merited success, as did our youthful adventurer, on contemplating this happy termination of his labours and fatigue in the arduous campaigns of Venus. And as there is every reason to believe, that Donna Maria's satisfaction at this happy issue of affairs, was at least equal to his own, we are well persuaded, that this amiable lady exerted her utmost powers of pleasing, to render the scene as exquisitely delicious, and their mutual felicity as complete as possible.

Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered at, that the cock, with his shrill clarion, should have repeatedly announced the welcome approach of morn, before our lovers had so much as once found time to close their eyes, and resign themselves over to the pleasing dominion of sleep. At length, however, quite exhausted with mutual exertions and fatigue, they sought a temporary relaxation from the toils of their laborious exercise; but their slumbers were not of long duration, for having recruited Nature with a couple of hour's repose, they arose more vigorous than ever, and returning to the attack, renewed the combat with increasing eagerness and spirit. But though Francisco wielded his weapon as skillfully, and fought as manfully as any knight in Christendom; and closing in with his antagonist, made many a *home-thrust* with surprising dexterity and force; he constantly found himself opposed with equal vigour by Donna Maria, to whose superior prowess and address, he was at last, after  
a warm

a warm and spirited encounter, obliged to yield. Our fair Amazonian, perceiving her vanquished knight quite *crest-fallen*, with great gallantry raised him on his feet, and overwhelming him with blandishments and soft caresses, infused new life and vigour into his whole frame; so that, what with the kind, unwearied assiduities of Donna Maria, and the natural goodness and excellence of his own unimpaired constitution, Francisco in a short time beheld himself capable of making as formidable a stand as ever!



CHAP. XIII.

The deep game—Ideal pleasures and real ones—  
Mutual restraint—Journey to Toledo—A rural  
walk—The *languishing lover*—Virgin bashful-  
ness—The Cornish hug—A spice of morality.

IT is now high time for us to return to Don Fernando and his companion, whom we left, at the conclusion of the eleventh chapter of this work, engaged at a game of cards; the event of which presently engrossed their attention to such a degree, that the inconvenience of sitting up all night, after a fatiguing day's journey, was little regarded by either of them. Whether it proceeded from Don Alonso's possessing a superior knowledge of the game; or from Don Fernando's thoughts being divided between the cards and Pentisilea; or rather from a combination of both these causes; Alonso played his cards to such advantage, that Fernando was presently in for a pretty round sum; and the hopes of retrieving his losses spurring him on at the close of every game to make a fresh experiment of his fortune, our two gentlemen continued playing, without interruption, till the sun had long dispersed the shades of night; so that Donna Maria and her paramour had perfect opportunity and leisure, not only to repeat their fond endearments  
to

to the full extent of their wishes, but likewise to settle and arrange the plan of their future operations. This was exactly what Alonso aimed at, who thinking his purpose now sufficiently answered, very judiciously contrived to coax Fernando into his wonted mirth and good-humour, by permitting him to win back the full amount of his losses, together with a trifling addition, for which he well knew his patron would not fail to make him ample amends.

They were soon after joined by the ladies, who we may reasonably suppose looked none the worse for having enjoyed the comforts of a *warm* bed. Pentifilea, in particular, whose cheeks were flushed with the conscious glow of gratified desire, appeared so captivating in the eyes of Fernando, that it cost him the utmost difficulty to keep his passion within the bounds of common decency, whilst his active fancy was busily employed in anticipating *ideal* pleasures and raptures, which he little dreamt had been so faithfully *reduced to practice* by his wife and her charming bedfellow. Nor had Donna Maria, who at any other time would have felt herself greatly hurt by her husband's overstrained attention and civility to so fair a lady, less difficulty to refrain from laughing, on the present occasion, at the many significant looks and speeches which Fernando directed to Pentifilea. One moment he would enquire with eager solicitude after her health; congratulate her the next on her happy recovery from her late indisposition; then, in the same breath, conjure her to be more careful of herself in future; accompanying the whole of his  
tender

tender harangue with the most expressive gestures, and a woeful length of countenance, of which it was difficult to say, whether it was best calculated to excite mirth or pity.

Having refreshed themselves with as good a breakfast as an inn like that of Carcuella could be expected to furnish, our travellers prepared for prosecuting their journey, making the landlady a very handsome acknowledgment at parting, for her obliging condescension in accommodating the ladies with her bed the preceding night. The roads being very favourable, they soon reached the famous city of Toledo, which is distant from Carcuella about ten leagues. Few cities in Spain can boast a superior situation; Toledo being built upon a rock, which commands a most unbounded prospect of the surrounding country. The adjacent vale is intersected by the Tagus, whose golden waves enrich the fruitful plains and meadows through which it flows; the whole presenting to the enraptured eye a scene of unrivalled beauty and magnificence.

Charmed with the pleasing prospect which now began to open upon them on all sides, our travellers alighted about half a mile from the suburbs, and giving orders to the drivers and their attendants to await them at the inn, walked leisurely along the flowery banks of the Tagus. The calm serenity of the weather, the peaceful stillness of the rural scene, interrupted solely by the melodious warblings of the feathered tribe of songsters, and the variety of engaging objects that surrounded them, all conspired to tune their souls to harmony and

L

love;



love; all breathed rapture and delight, and animating them with new life, tempted them to prolong the pleasures of their walk. Don Fernando, in particular, felt the magic influence of the scene in its full extent; and his passion for Pentisilea increasing every moment, it was not to be expected that he should neglect to improve so favourable an opportunity of declaring his sentiments, walking, as he did arm in arm with her; whilst Alonso squired his wife. Pentisilea, though she could scarcely contain herself from bursting into a loud laugh, acted nevertheless her part to admiration; fixing her eyes, with well-dissembled maiden-bashfulness, upon the ground, and then directing them with the most languishing look at her companion, who naturally interpreting this conduct to his own advantage, began to press her with greater vehemence. Pentisilea, after several awkward attempts to excuse herself, made answer by observing; "that men were ever great deceivers: that vanity was invariably the prime source of all their actions: in short, that no prudent woman ought to place any reliance in their professions of esteem, which seldom proceeded from their hearts."

In reply to this grave and discreet harangue, Don Fernando called upon heaven and earth, and all the saints in Christendom, to witness the sincerity of his vows; and solemnly protesting that he could not possibly live without her, concluded his pathetic address by assuring Pentisilea that his fate rested in her hands, and that death would be the sure consequence of her refusing to comply with  
his

his desires. Pentisilea, at a loss what answer to make to so much passion, and wishing neither to appear too forward on the one hand, nor to discourage him too much on the other, contented herself with bestowing upon him a score or two of her most languishing looks. Emboldened by so much goodness, and willing to convince his mistress of the ardour of his affections, by actions as well as words, Don Fernando attempted to improve the lucky circumstance of Alonso and his wife being at some distance before them, to seize Pentisilea in his arms, designing to steal a *quantum sufficit* of kisses for the restraint he had hitherto imposed upon himself. But Pentisilea, who justly dreaded that such loving hugs might lead to a premature discovery of her real sex and condition, very properly made use of her hands to keep her lover at arm's length, and assuming a stern, forbidding look, as she repulsed him: "Do you imagine then, that I am to be forced in the open face of day? Or am I entitled in your eyes to no manner of ceremony; supposing me even prepossessed in your favour? Believe me, you are greatly mistaken if you hope to succeed with me by such treatment as this; if you wish for any encouragement, I would advise you to act with greater caution and discretion: time and your own future conduct will best teach me what opinion I am to form of your professions;—at present let us, to avoid suspicion, join the rest of the company; and take this for your comfort, (seeing Fernando almost petrified with fear and apprehension) that I should be very sorry to prove the death of so accomplished a gentleman."

The conclusion of this address being much more favourable than Fernando had reason to expect, dispelled at once his uneasiness; wherefore, thanking his mistress for her extreme condescension, he hastened to obey her commands by joining Alonso and Donna Maria. They soon after arrived at the inn, where they had appointed to meet their domestics; and after having taken proper refreshment, spent the remainder of the day in viewing the principal curiosities of the place.

CHAP.



CHAP. XIV.

Scarce and valuable fragment from Berrsmannus—  
The reformers non-plus'd—Remarkable speech of  
an ancient Roman senator—A cock and a bull-  
story—Apology for female frailties and propen-  
sities.

WE are told by Berrsmannus in his scarce  
and valuable work, entitled "*Annales Rerum  
Memorabilium*," published at Venice, anno 1517,  
*impensis heredum quondam domini Octaviani Scoti,  
Civis Modætiensis*, &c. that the senate of Rome  
being greatly alarmed at the rapid progress of vice  
and immorality, which began, even in the early  
ages of the commonwealth, to threaten a total de-  
pravity of manners, assembled together in grave  
debate upon methods of expediency for promoting  
a general reform. Among a long list of abuses,  
which called for their most serious attention, none  
seemed to demand more the immediate animad-  
version of the venerable *Patres Conscripti*, than  
the growing evil of *conjugal infidelity*; instances  
of which multiplied so fast and daily upon them,  
that adultery might be denominated a fashionable  
crime. The necessity of checking the progress of  
so abominable and destructive a vice, was readily

admitted by the whole body of reformers; but their worships were not a little puzzled and *non-plus'd*, when the question of *ways* and *means*, for carrying their virtuous resolutions into effect, came to be agitated. All were unanimous in throwing the blame upon the ladies, except Lucius Manlius Acidinus, a progenitor of the Catos, a man universally respected for the purity of his manners, his venerable age, and long experience; to all which he joined no contemptible knowledge of physic and natural philosophy; who gravely rising from his seat, addressed the virtuous body of legislators to the following effect:

“Before we proceed to shift the odium of this detestable vice from our own shoulders upon those of the weaker sex, it will be necessary for us to dive deeper into the secrets of Nature, and to examine carefully the hidden causes of things. That there is, with respect to the *appetite for procreation*, a vast difference between the females of the *brute* and *human* species, is a point I readily admit: but I can by no means grant, that the *insatiable longing of womankind after a constant, unremitted repetition of the rites of coition*, argues any degree of degeneracy from their primitive and original state. To comprehend with clearness the cause of this obvious distinction between the brute and human species, we must first carefully analyze the *localities*\* of *rational*s and *irrational*s,

\* “Distinguendum inter *cunnum rationalem*, et *irracionalem*”—are the words of Berrsmannus. See his Annals, chap. xxxviii. page 362.

whence

whence it will appear that the alledged difference in their actions originates from the very *make* of *things*. The brute, whose desires extend no further than to present gratification, the moment she begins to feel the *inspiring itch*, proceeds immediately to the natural means of allaying it, and suffering no restraint from custom nor education, has no occasion to struggle with her said feelings; so that they are no sooner accommodated, than all recollection of former wants is lost. Hence she is satisfied with the *needfuls*; and having once conceived seed, contents herself till such time as she discharges it again. Womankind, on the other hand, being endowed with reason, are capable of recalling past events to recollection; and as they are obliged to struggle long with the above-mentioned *itch*, before they can allay it, it naturally imprints its idea in indelible characters upon the mind, and requires likewise a greater proportion of *cooling medicines* to subdue its *heat*; for which very reason we find that Nature has made a wide difference in the formation of the *parts*, which are on these occasions called forth into action. On examining the construction of the womb, you will find it admirably adapted to the purposes of *constant practice* and *repetition* †, inasmuch as it is furnished with a *double channel* \* \* \* \* \* and the pleasure therefore loses

† Præ bestiis aliam vasorum sperma ejaculantium conformationem adeptus est, ut scilicet bifurcata, una parte ad fundum, altera ad uteri cervicem in gravidis profundere semen possit.

nothing



nothing of its poignancy and relish, even during the period of pregnancy.

“And this—continued Acidinus—is the very reason why the brutes never long for *coition*, except at such times when they have a desire to become *pregnant*: this is the reason why *one* bull is sufficient for *twenty* cows: they are *brutes*, and, as such, understand not the doctrine of SUPERFOETATION!”

Convinced by this grave and sensible harangue of the impracticability of accomplishing their object, the *Patres Conscripti* immediately put an end to their debate upon the subject of *ways* and *means*, leaving the task to be more happily achieved by modern system-builders and reformers.

Now whatever may ultimately be the success of the pious labours of the present generation of reformers, it unfortunately happened that at Donna Maria's time, the College of *Anti-Adulterians* found the abolition of cuckoldom a task as difficult and impracticable as it appeared to the worthy *Patres Conscripti* in the age of Acidinus. Hence it follows, that if Donna Maria suffered herself to be carried away with the stream of fashion, habit and inclination, the blame cannot be imputed to any perverseness of disposition in the lady, but solely to the ill-success of the reformers of that day, and the critical predicament of the above-mentioned *physical localities*. She had sustained many a long and painful struggle with the *itchings* of nature, before she surrendered herself to Don Francisco, alias Donna Pentisilea, in the  
first

first instance\*, and memory had imprinted the recollection of past feelings, (to make use of the words of Acidinus) in indelible characters upon her mind. This being the case, and as first impressions are generally allowed to be the strongest, we need not wonder if her passion for Francisco, seconded by such a fortunate combination of circumstances, as already recorded, soon swallowed up, like Aaron's serpent, all other considerations, and among the rest, the small remains of regard she had for Fernando.

\* See page 93.

## CHAP. XV.

A digression on the subject of digressions—Soft beds, but no sleep—Fernando sent on a wild-goose chase—Prelibation of happiness—The scrutiny—A specimen of modern poetry—The plot—Ride to *Horn Fair!*—Fernando caught up into the third heaven.

AS well might a man attempt to make bricks without straw, as pretend to compose a work of this nature without frequent and continual digression. The reason of this is plain and obvious; for which cause we deem it needless to apologize to the reader for the preceding chapter; the utility of which, cannot fail of striking him at first sight, or he is, saving offence, more hoodwinked and purblind, if possible, than the Irishman, who complained of his inability to discover the wood for the number of trees that composed it. However decried by some authors, digressions, if well managed, form the quintessence of a work; and hence we arrogate not a little merit to ourselves for the pains we have taken to accommodate the reader, by presenting him this precious elixir ready prepared, *secundum artem*, without putting him to the trouble of brewing and distilling it himself.



himself. There are, indeed, some who affect to follow a different plan, and will insist upon your telling your story straight forward, with the same expedition and conciseness, as my Lord's Chaplain when he says grace over a hot dinner. But this is confessedly a grand mistake; there being as much nicety, and withal as much spice, required to dish up a story properly, as there is in dressing a calve's head for an Alderman!

Again, to pursue the parable we have adopted, if we compare our story to the savory dish above-mentioned, the digressions may not improperly be said to perform the office of a carver, dissecting every part of the head in a proper manner, and with such care, that when you take your seat at our board, you have nothing to do, but eat away as fast as you please, and can fix upon whatever part you like best. This is certainly at once a commodious and œconomical plan, as thereby much time and labour are spared to the guests, and you have no reason to complain that the smell of the victuals, whilst carving, takes away your appetite.

We allow, indeed, that great care ought to be taken, that your digressions be analogous to the work; nay more, to that identical part of the work, in which they are introduced; otherwise the whole will bear more resemblance to an *Olla Podrida*, vulgarly called a *hodge podge*, than to a regular and well-compounded *ragout*. And herein, in fact, lies the grand art and mystery of writing; that all the component parts be so nicely arranged, that a regular, connected chain of dependance

dependance be kept up throughout the whole ; of which we flatter ourselves we have given many admirable instances in the course of this delectable and highly interesting work, to which we now return from our present digression.

Though our company had no reason to complain of their accommodations at Toledo, being quartered at an inn where beds and every other article of convenience, or even luxury, were to be had in abundance, they passed the night far less to their satisfaction than at Carcuella. The charms of Pentisilea had so entirely captivated the heart of Don Fernando, that he found little or no pleasure in lying with his wife ; whilst Donna Maria, more than ever in love with Francisco, longed eagerly for a repetition of those joys which she had experienced in the arms of her lover the preceding night. Francisco, on his side, burned with equal fury for Donna Maria ; and the violence of his passion entirely precluding all hopes of repose, his wanton imagination was busily employed in reacting the late amorous adventure, which took place between his mistress and himself. Full of the pleasing idea, and firmly fixed upon exerting his utmost ingenuity and address to procure the uninterrupted enjoyment of his wishes, as likewise justly dreading the danger which must infallibly attend the procrastination of his designs, he arose betimes, and pretending a slight indisposition, which a morning's walk, he observed, would probably dispel, improved the opportunity with which this pretext furnished him, for concerting the preparatory steps and measures with Alonso. That

faithful

faithful squire, well aware how closely his own interest was connected with the amorous pursuits of his patron, made no difficulty in taking upon himself the management of the intrigue; and the whole plan of operations being finally agreed upon, they returned to the inn, where the rest of the company awaited their arrival to breakfast.

Don Fernando was almost inconsolable, when he heard of Pentifilea's indisposition, and would infallibly, by his anxious sollicitude and assiduous attention, have entirely defeated the schemes and stratagems of Alonso, had not the latter, after many fruitless attempts to draw him off from Pentifilea, at length happily succeeded, by sending him in pursuit of a wild duck, for which his fair patient pretended an extraordinary predilection. Fernando's back was no sooner turned, than Pentifilea, whom we shall in future stile Francisco, hastened to acquaint Donna Maria with the arrangements made between Alonso and himself; which meeting with the entire approbation of his mistress, our lovers were so elated with joy, that they could not await the tardy approach of night, but tipping Alonso the wink to withdraw, proceeded incontinently to what divines would term a *prelibation* of happiness! Francisco's motive in this act of anticipation, was not so much his own immediate gratification, as the wish to raise the passions of his mistress to such a pitch, as to put a non-compliance with his projected schemes totally out of her power.

Meanwhile that Francisco was employing his best rhetoric with Donna Maria, Alonso explored

M

the



the kitchen and offices of the inn, in quest of a proper assistant or second in the drama he was preparing to act; examining, for that purpose, all the female servants of the house with the most scrutinizing eye. But whether the servant maids are more virtuous in Toledo than in other cities of Spain, or whether Alonso's talent in reading physiognomies deceived him in the present instance, he could meet with none that seemed likely to answer his designs, and began already to despair of success, when chance led him to the stable-yard, where he observed with surprise a pretty jolly, though not very young, wench, listening with evident marks of satisfaction and pleasure to the coarse voice of a booby of a hostler, that was rubbing down a beautiful stone-horse. Alonso felt his curiosity excited, and not doubting, from the giggling of the girl, but the words of the song must possess sufficient interest to atone for the coarse manner in which they were sung, he advanced a few paces nearer, and without being perceived by either party, could plainly distinguish every syllable of the Ostler's Sonnet, which he ran over three or four times, to the following effect:

## I.

Whilst on downy couch recumbent,  
 Legs extended wide, and bum-bent,  
     Gently slumbering Celia lay;  
 Cupid drew his bow at venture,  
 Straight to Celia's gaping centre,  
     Urg'd th' unerring shaft its way!

Full

II.

Full of amorous whims and notions,  
 Feels the virgin strange emotions,  
     Itchings never known before !  
 Swift her nimble finger traces  
 Certain nameless parts and places ;  
     But, alas ! they itch'd the more !

III.

Led by Fate, or something kinder,  
 Damon's chance it was to find her,  
     Working at her \*\*\*\* in vain :  
 Damon flew, and in a minute,  
 Whipt a certain *something* in it,  
     Which at once reliev'd her pain !

The eagerness with which the wench swallowed down every word of this elegant sonnet, at once convinced Alonso that his search was at an end ; wherefore, waiting a favourable opportunity of accosting her, he opened his business with very little ceremony, backing his request, however, with the most powerful of all arguments—a golden bribe ! Nothing more was wanting to engage her full compliance ; the service expected from her being neither of a laborious nor disagreeable nature ; in fact, 'twas no more than what she had often been glad to do without any prospect of pay or emolument. Alonso accordingly gave her the necessary directions, with money to purchase a decent shift and cap, and a sufficient quantity of perfumes to take off all unfavoury smells that might

M. 2

other-

otherwise attach to her; appointing her to meet him again at ten o'clock in the evening.

Having thus adjusted matters with the housemaid, Alonso returned to acquaint Francisco with his success; in whose countenance, as well as in that of Donna Maria, he could read the most evident marks of perturbation and embarrassment; owing, as he afterwards found, to their having experienced a narrow escape from being caught by Fernando in the very act of riding, cheek by jole, to Horn Fair! Fernando, it seems, had made greater haste in procuring the wild duck than either of them expected; and thinking that his sudden appearance would literally create in them an agreeable surprise, bolted in upon them, *sans ceremonie*, in the very critical moment as they were preparing for a second ride to Horn Fair! This lucky, but narrow escape, served to convince both parties of the necessity of bringing things to a speedy issue; for which reason, the *fat-difant* Penitilea, in pursuance of Alonso's advice, without further loss of time, took an opportunity of whispering in Fernando's ear, "that the many proofs of attachment and regard which he had manifested for her, had inspired her with mutual sentiments of affection and esteem. That she had not been able to sleep all night on his account; and provided she could but devise any feasible method of bringing matters about, without being discovered, would take the earliest opportunity of rewarding, in a suitable manner, his sincerity and zeal."

Fernando



Fernando listened to this declaration like one entranced, and hardly could have manifested greater symptoms of rapture and astonishment, had he actually been caught up into the third heaven! The most extravagant actions and expressions were made use of to testify the magnitude of his obligations, which he carried to such a ridiculous excess, that the pretended Pentisilea was frequently in great danger of betraying herself by immoderate fits of laughter. To prevent, therefore, such woeful consequences, she very judiciously cut him short, by desiring him to conduct himself with greater prudence and circumspection; adding, with the most languishing air and tone of voice, "that his obedience to her commands should be rewarded that very night. That he had only to come to her apartment precisely at eleven, when he would find the chamber door left purposely ajar, and might let himself in. But—continued she—you must promise me, upon the word and honour of a gentleman, that you will observe, the whole time, the most scrupulous and inviolable silence, for fear of consequences: you must likewise consent to bring no light with you, and to depart the moment it begins to dawn. On these, and no other conditions, I promise you the enjoyment of my person."

Had Pentisilea required a promise of Fernando to fight a host of cannibals in her service, there is little room to doubt but he would have readily engaged himself by oath to achieve the enterprize; we therefore hardly need add, that he joyfully ac-

quiesced in the easy terms proposed by his mistress. The only difficulty he had now left, was to await with patience the allotted hour of assignation, which we are bold to say, proved one of the hardest tasks he ever had occasion to practise. Utterly at a loss what to do with himself, he repaired early to bed, where we will leave him for the present to count the lazy minutes that retarded his approaching interview with Pentisilea.

## CHAP. XVI.

Whimsical metamorphosis of a housemaid into a fine lady—The staff of life, or food for every palate—The middle piece—View of the promised land from Mount Pisgah—Whim of the moment—Intermixture of soul and body—Pleasures of imagination—The catastrophe.

AT ten o'clock the housemaid, agreeable to her instructions, waited upon Alonso, who conducted her to the chamber which had been appropriated for the reception of his pretended niece. Madam had not neglected to rig herself out to what she conceived the utmost advantage; and certainly, with respect to finery, she might challenge the gaudiest doll that ever graced the fair of Saint Bartholomew. Essences and perfumes were scattered in vast profusion over every part of her dress, so that a blind man might easily have traced her out by the scent; and such a quantity of ribbands had she contrived to tag to her head-dress, that she appeared at a distance not unlike the fiery train of a comet. Hence Alonso experienced no small share of trouble in assisting to disencumber her of her trappings; for which he, however, very wisely took care to repay himself in the manner best suited to the existing circumstances; being, it is presumed, actuated by much the same kind of spirit as we may suppose influenced his worthy patron.

'Tis



'Tis remarked by a certain author, whose name I cannot immediately recollect, that there is but one dish in all the catalogue of Nature's bounties, which Fortune holds out equally to the Shepherd and the Prince, the Monarch and the Slave: one dish which is suited to every man's palate, and every man's pocket; because it requires no dressing to render it eatable; no spices to give it a relish; but is ever best in its natural state, and loses nothing of its substance by being enjoyed. Here is cut and come again! here is plenty for the keenest stomach, and food for the strongest digestion!

Now this precious and dainty dish, we hardly need inform our readers, is WOMAN—lovely woman! and the richness of the banquet she affords to man depends, if justly considered, as little upon the dress of the fair creature, as the taste of an oyster does upon the appearance of the shell:—

“Within the entertainment lies,  
Far off removed from vulgar eyes”—

the less dress, therefore, and obstacles there are to impede your passage, and prevent your getting deeply within, the better. Can the finest silk that ever graced the looms of Persia, compare with the glossy smoothness of the marble thigh? Can all the gems in rich Golconda's mine regale the ravished eye, like the swelling bosom that alternately courts and shrinks from the touch of your enamoured fingers? Can all the glories of Nature put together, vie with that incomparable phenomenon,  
the

the constellation of the milky way?—Only picture to yourself for a moment a beauteous nymph, loose and unattired, extended at full length upon a downy couch, with all her hidden charms displayed full to your enraptured sight, and then

“ Say, whilst you view the glorious scene,  
Can any thing delight so,  
As does that spot that lies between  
Her left toe and her right toe ?”

Alonso beholding his accomplice in the situation above described, forgot for a moment her real condition, and doing that which few of the youthful part of my readers would have neglected to do in his case, found to his satisfaction that many a fine lady, in a similar predicament, might have given him less pleasure. Having accomplished this part of the business, he very politely wished her good night, and putting out the candle, left the field open to his successor, our worthy knight and champion, Don Fernando.

That faithful lover, punctual as Father Time himself, no sooner heard the welcome sound of eleven, than he posted incontinently to the appointed place of rendezvous; observing his promise of inviolable secrecy with the most scrupulous exactness. Spurred on by fierce, ungovernable desire, which admitted not of a moment's hesitation or delay, and prevented by the obscurity of the night from scrutinizing into matters, it is not to be wondered at, if he readily gave into the deception, and mistaking the person of his bed-fellow for the identical Pentisilea, fell to work  
with

with as keen an appetite as though he had been actually encircled in the arms of his mistress. Madam, on her side, neglected not to repay his loving hugs with interest; willing to make the experiment how far the caresses of a gentleman might surpass those of a stable-boy. Whether in this respect she found her expectations answered, or not, we are not authorised to divulge; indeed there is no saying whether a lady is ever completely satisfied on these occasions; for as the proverb very justly observes;

“Gallus gallinis terquinis sufficit unus,  
Ast non *quinque* viri sufficiunt mulieri\*!”

It is presumed, however, that Fernando found the hours fly swifter than they probably appeared to do, whilst he waited in expectation of his present *tete-à-tete*: and as happiness, according to certain philosophers, is entirely a matter of opinion, we may venture to infer, that his raptures lost little of their poignancy and zest, as long as he continued ignorant of the deception put upon him, which the darkness of the night greatly befriended. But permanent felicity is not ordained for man on this side of eternity! Every enjoyment has its prescribed and stated limits, and the shadows of the darkest night must fly at length before the cheering light of day. The cock's shrill clarion proclaimed the approach of morn. Fernando, after manfully exerting himself in the field of

\* One cock serves fifteen hens, or more,  
But woman fairly asks a score!

Venus,



Venus, had just dropped into a gentle sleep; but awaking at the sound, and turning round to his companion, he beheld, instead of Pentisilea, in whose arms he had fancied himself encircled, the coarse, disgusting features of a homely, ill-favoured wench, whose wrinkled forehead chilled his heart with greater horror than he would have experienced in contemplating the ghastly visage of Medusa.

Rage succeeding now to love, he was almost tempted to revenge the imposition with her blood; but the natural regard he entertained for the sex, restraining his arm, he rather chose to make his escape. But as "misfortunes seldom come alone"—even this small consolation was denied him; the door being strongly locked and bolted on the outside; so that he was, to all intents and purposes, a prisoner. In this emergency, Fernando had no other resource left but to alarm the whole house; when, to his eternal mortification and disgrace, he discovered that, by endeavouring to obtain a mistress, he had lost his wife; Donna Maria having improved the favourable opportunity of his incarceration with the housemaid, to elope with her lover, Don Francisco, the *soi-disant* Pentisilea.

"LEARN TO BE WISE FROM OTHERS HARM, AND  
YOU SHALL DO FULL WELL."

F I N I S.

with as keen an appetite as though he had been actually encircled in the arms of his mistress. Madam, on her side, neglected not to repay his loving hugs with interest; willing to make the experiment how far the caresses of a gentleman might surpass those of a stable-boy. Whether in this respect she found her expectations answered, or not, we are not authorised to divulge; indeed there is no saying whether a lady is ever completely satisfied on these occasions; for as the proverb very justly observes,

“Gallus gallinis terquinis sufficit unus,  
Ast non *quinque* viri sufficiunt mulieri\*!”

It is presumed, however, that Fernando found the hours fly swifter than they probably appeared to do, whilst he waited in expectation of his present *tete-à-tete*: and as happiness, according to certain philosophers, is entirely a matter of opinion, we may venture to infer, that his raptures lost little of their poignancy and zest, as long as he continued ignorant of the deception put upon him, which the darkness of the night greatly befriended. But permanent felicity is not ordained for man on this side of eternity! Every enjoyment has its prescribed and stated limits, and the shadows of the darkest night must fly at length before the cheering light of day. The cock's shrill clarion proclaimed the approach of morn. Fernando, after manfully exerting himself in the field of

\* One cock serves fifteen hens, or more,  
But woman fairly asks a score!

Venus,

Venus, had just dropped into a gentle sleep; but awaking at the sound, and turning round to his companion, he beheld, instead of Pentisilea, in whose arms he had fancied himself encircled, the coarse, disgusting features of a homely, ill-favoured wench, whose wrinkled forehead chilled his heart with greater horror than he would have experienced in contemplating the ghastly visage of Medusa.

Rage succeeding now to love, he was almost tempted to revenge the imposition with her blood; but the natural regard he entertained for the sex, restraining his arm, he rather chose to make his escape. But as "misfortunes seldom come alone"—even this small consolation was denied him; the door being strongly locked and bolted on the outside; so that he was, to all intents and purposes, a prisoner. In this emergency, Fernando had no other resource left but to alarm the whole house; when, to his eternal mortification and disgrace, he discovered that, by endeavouring to obtain a mistress, he had lost his wife; Donna Maria having improved the favourable opportunity of his incarceration with the housemaid, to elope with her lover, Don Francisco, the *foi-disant* Pentisilea.

"LEARN TO BE WISE FROM OTHERS HARM, AND  
YOU SHALL DO FULL WELL."

F I N I S.



## NEW PUBLICATIONS,

Sold by D. BREWMAN, No. 18, New Street, Shoe Lane; and the Booksellers in Paternoster Row, Piccadilly, &c.

---

In Two Volumes, Price 15s. half Bound, or 1s. each Number,

[Embellished with Twenty-six Engravings]

**T**HE CUCKOLD'S CHRONICLE; being Select Trials for Adultery, Incest, Imbecillity, Ravishment, &c.

It is worth remarking, that this Collection, in a detached State, cannot be purchased for Ten Pounds!

---

In Three Volumes 8vo. half Bound, Price 7s. each, [Embellished with an Engraved Title-Page, and Twenty-five beautiful Copper-Plates, descriptive of Intriguing and Ludicrous Occurrences]

**T**HE BON TON MAGAZINE; or, Microscope of Fashion and Folly. Containing Histories of all Modern Back-slidings of Notoriety; Curious Fragments; Double Entendres; Elopements; Seductions; Trials for Adultery, Ravishment, &c.; Interesting Narratives; Lives of Trail Males and Females; Choice Poetry, including all favourite Songs sung at Public Places; and the Bon Ton Intelligence of the Month.

---

In 12mo. Price 1s.

**T**HE ART of PALMISTRY. Shewing the Uncertain Events in Human Life, by Means of the Situation of the Lines of the Hand, both in Men and Women. Familiarised to every Capacity. — Illustrated by a great Number of Examples. — Collected and Abridged from PARTRIDGE and SAUNDERS's scarce Works.



d  
e  
g  
:  
:  
:  
d  
te  
a-

g  
py  
d,  
ry  
of  
R.